The SPHERE

Vol. CXXX. No. 1698 AUG. 6, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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BRITISH MANUFACTURE

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A mild, safe laxative for people of all ages. Solid or powdered magnesia is most dangerous to take as it is liable to form hard insoluble lumps in the bowels.

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INSIST ON
HENNESSY
HENNESSY XO GUARANTEED OVER FORTY YEARS OLD

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ESTABD 1795
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CANADIAN CLUB TOBACCO & CIGARETTES

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THE CARE OF YOUNG LIVES
THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP
(Founded 1843)
Plead most earnestly for immediate funds, to feed, clothe and educate the 1,100 children in the various Homes and Training Ship "Arethusa."
Subscriptions and Donations show a heavy falling off.
Please Help Us
THE CHILDREN WILL THANK YOU
164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C. 2

It Serves you Right —if it's
KIA-ORA
LEMON or ORANGE

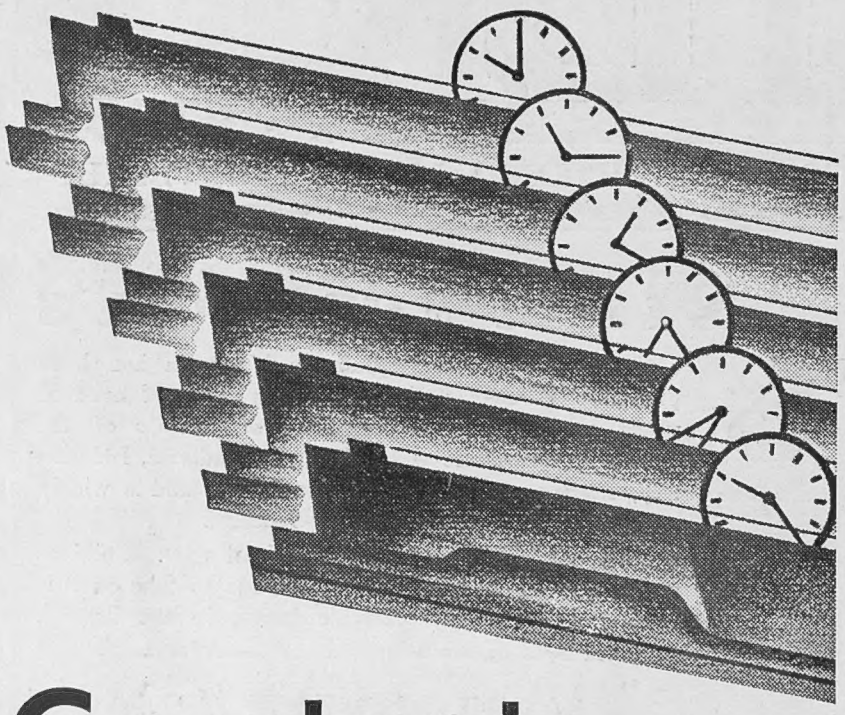
SPORTING BRONZES

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsman-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

Prices from 4 Gns.

THE SPORTING GALLERY, 32, KING ST., COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C. 2

CADBURY
Maker of fine Chocolates



Cavalcade . . .

Every day at the appointed hour the great locomotives of the Scottish expresses back up the platforms at King's Cross and stand awaiting the signal with energy humming within them like bees in a glade.

They are ready down to the last washer, and behind them the train with everything aboard that skill of engineer, imagination of hotelier or craftsmanship of decorative artist can suggest is drawn up awaiting your occasion and your pleasure.

It is a wonderful journey, the journey to Scotland from King's Cross, and by day it is much quicker than hitherto.

THE EAST COAST ROUTE

RESTAURANT

A.M. **Weekdays**

10.0 "The Flying Scotsman"—Louis XVI Restaurant. Edinburgh (non-stop, 45 minutes quicker), Dundee, Aberdeen.

10.5 Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Aberdeen.

11.15 "The Queen of Scots" Pullman. Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee.

11.50 Edinburgh, Glasgow.

P.M.

1.20 Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Inverness.

A.M. **Sundays**

11.45 Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee.

12.0 noon Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Inverness.

SLEEPERS (1st & 3rd class)

P.M.

***7.25** "The Highlandman." Edinburgh, Fort William (Breakfast car attached *en route*), Perth, Inverness.

***7.40** "The Aberdonian." Edinburgh, Dundee, Aberdeen, Elgin, Lossiemouth.

†**10.25** "The Night Scotsman." Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen, Perth.

†**10.35** Edinburgh, Glasgow. (North Berwick. First class only and on Friday nights only.)

A.M.

§**1.10** After-Theatre Sleeping and Breakfast Car Train. Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen, Perth, Inverness.

** Nightly (except Saturdays)* *† Nightly* *§ Daily (except Sunday mornings)*

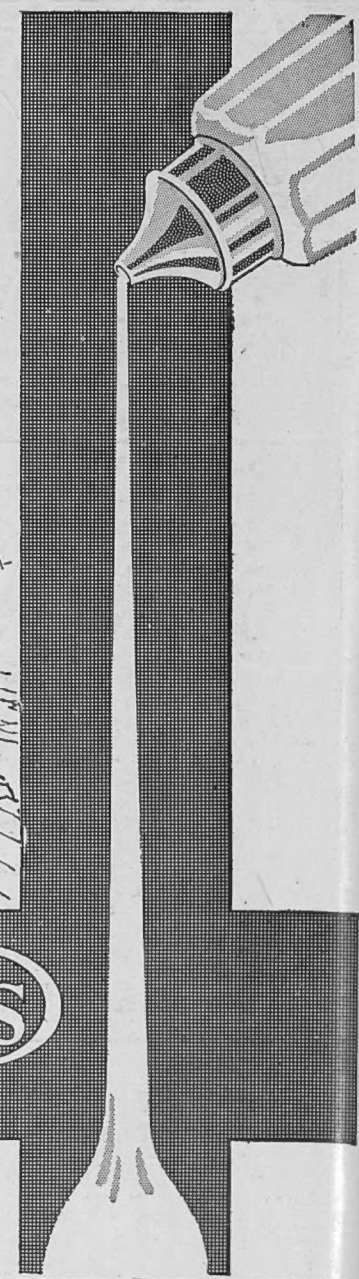
Ask for pocket Time-table and Tourist Programme at any L·N·E·R Station or Office, or of the Passenger Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.2; or L·N·E·R, York

LONDON ROUTE

L·N·E·R NON-STOP EDINBURGH

TO SCOTLAND BY DAY—BY NIGHT

THE SALT OF LIFE



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"Player's Country Life"

SMOKING MIXTURE

1/1D per oz and 2oz pocket tins at 2/2D

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C.L.7.C

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, August 6, 1932

THE THIEPVAL MEMORIAL UNVEILED

The Prince of Wales Unveils the War Memorial to the Victims of the Battle of the Somme at Thiepval

Graven, in the words of the Prince of Wales, "deep and clear," with the names of upwards of 73,000 British officers and men who died on the Somme and have no known graves, the last of the British War Memorials was unveiled on Monday. In an eloquent broadcast appeal H.R.H. called upon the nations of the world to "banish bitterness and hate, selfishness and greed" in a common effort to abolish war and build a better civilization. A disabled ex-service man slowly scattered in the adjoining Anglo-French War Cemetery the ashes of crosses laid in the British Legion's "Field of Remembrance" at the Abbey. The fourteen-year-old Lord Haig was among the company. Further pictures appear on page 188

Postage — Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2d.

A London New

THE ROYAL HOLIDAY: The Queen has a passion for discriminating shopping, and does not care overmuch for things maritime. At Cowes, while the King is in his element on board *Britannia*, his Consort visits various establishments in the quaint, old-world town. On one such expedition she was accompanied by the Marquise d'Hautpoul and Sir Philip Hunloke

346, STRAND, W.C.,

Wednesday, August 3, 1932.

"THIS IS THE NATIONAL PROGRAMME."

—Von Schleicher last week came out strong as a wireless National Programme announcer. We in England have no right to cavil at the use of wireless for such political ends, seeing that during our own period of Dictatorship during the General Strike (when broadcasting was in its infancy) Mr. Baldwin made notable use of that important medium. True, Mr. Baldwin was neither truculent nor threatening, nor scornful. Von Schleicher's was, perhaps, rather the voice of one announcing a National Pogrom, but the remarkable discursiveness of his address robbed his veiled threats of much of their terror. His own and other countries which listened-in prepared to tremble, remained to yawn, and the major anxiety came from habitual listeners who realized that his might be a voice very frequently heard in the German programme for some time to come. Yet it would be most unjust to pass over his obvious sincerity, and the equally obvious logic and justice in his representation of Germany's clear voice in the matter of International disarmament. If for economic reasons Europe agreed to say no more about Germany's War guilt, there is every logical reason to re-establish Germany politically also among the rest of the nations as a War-damaged unit of civilization, no more guilty than its neighbour. The possibility that Germany should take the law into her own hands at this juncture, and by "scaling up" start once more the fatal rivalry of armaments, is a thought which rocks sanity on its foundations. Indeed, everything should depend, and everything does depend, on a wholesale reduction of armaments by the so-called victorious Allies, and that instantly. For, if it does not come about, America, too, will be in the melting pot, and her vital intervention in the tangle of Europe will be deferred beyond recall. For generations the Governments of Europe have gambled for minor stakes. If a good chance of peace and prosperity does not clearly justify one last cast of the dice, the world's Governments have repented too soon and not too late. It will take a few days more to disclose clearly how the stalemate of the Reich elections will affect the chances of a world recovery and peace in Europe in our day. The internal state of Germany is a vital factor in the materialization of those hopes.

OTTAWA.

—As regards Ottawa, I take the view that faith, hope, and silence is the best line for the journalists just now. Ink is being poured out like water over the proceedings, and I for one hesitate either to rouse fantastic hopes or to forecast failure. The affair is being conducted with magnificent goodwill by the best brains available in our Empire. But it is very much a business transaction, and every delegate has a critical audience behind him; his wife and children in his own back yard are watching his every move through a telescope. England has rightly shown that she is not the only unit whose whole existence is bound up in the preservation of the Empire; that, on the contrary, she has played the part of Imperial milch-cow for generations. It would be folly to prophesy failure because every man jack of us knows that no single delegate dare return home with nothing achieved. But equally no delegate dare return home with success achieved at the sacrifice of his own unit, return home with a bad bargain. Whatever the result, success will and must be claimed for the Conference. Meanwhile it is idle to prophesy the extent and the durability of the results to be achieved.

AN ECONOMY HOLIDAY.

—All honour to the private members who are giving up a part of their holidays, or taking that part in busman's style, to explore avenues (with Mr. Chamberlain's blessing) towards further economy in national expenditure. At the same time it is a subject of such vital importance to the country as to demand the whole time and ability of the most influential public men outside the Government. Mr. Chamberlain's blessing is something, but across Mr. Chamberlain's path lies entrenched a powerful and obstinate Bureaucracy. His will and that of his colleagues in the Government will be bent, as it has ever been bent, by the politely veiled backmail of the permanent officials. And that is why they need the backing of the strongest representatives of the people's voice, always inarticulate. It is impossible not to feel that some of the chairmen of these economy sub-committees are young and inexperienced for the job. It is not the time and not the subject for trying the wings of fledglings. On the contrary, it is supremely important that by October the determination of the country to secure a fifty million cut in national expenditure should break down all the obstacles placed in the way by vested interests.

ANOTHER CONVERSION.

—Of wider economic importance than the British War Loan Conversion is Senator Borah's War Debts Conversion. The President of the Foreign Relations Committee in the U.S. Senate, spokesman of Idaho, vehement isolationist (as was to be expected of the champion of agricultural interests), a bitter opponent of financier-dictation, of War debt revision, and of meddling with the muddles of Europe, has suddenly and completely altered the views with which he has identified himself so importantly in American politics. There is no reason to suppose that high ideals played no part in Mr. Borah's conversion, but (just as we have seen at Ottawa) in the present plight of the world brass tacks are a useful commodity in patching things up, while high ideals convince no one. The Senator bases his conversion solely on the grounds of national interest. He has actually named the figure in pounds sterling which America's insistence on the letter of her bond has cost her in trade. The sum is too fantastically large to set down, but was doubtless arrived at by an expert study of figures, and represents the opinion of an important group of economists that, broadly, America had lost in trade about a hundred times more than she could ever receive by way of debt payments and interests.

. . . .

Mr. Borah's opinions are given weight all over America, and most of all by the classes most strongly opposed to American intervention in the affairs of Europe. "When Borah says 'turn' we all turn." He has broadcast his conversion; he has stressed the urgency of national conversion to the same view. It is in his reconsidered judgment a question not of months but of weeks. He argues that unless some sign of returning world confidence and the expectation of a trade revival is evidenced before November, the winter of 1932–3 will plunge the States into irretrievable ruin. And that sign of hope can come only from a public acknowledgment on a national scale that War debts must be cancelled or rigorously revised. The World Conference summoned by the League perforce excluded from its agenda the War debts question. Senator Borah demands at once another conference summoned by America to deal with this question during the present year. This is indeed a momentous conversion—a *volte-face* in a flash of light like Saul's. And that light has already pierced the darkness that covers the earth's face. Here is something wider and more significant than a political move on the chequer-board of a Presidential election campaign.

THE RISING GENERATION.

—One is often in doubt these days as to what "really matters." It is the result of political, religious, and social disillusionment. But probably there is no cynic so hardened as to question the importance of safeguarding and improving the health and moral discipline of the young. The farmer, who came to apologize for his sow having eaten the vicar's baby, remarked by way of consolation: "But you can easily get another." And the vicar rejoined: "If you think my wife and I are going to put ourselves out to feed your pigs, you are greatly at fault." There is sound sense in the vicar's argument. The only justification for increasing or continuing the population of these islands is the health and safety of the nation's young. Hence the L.C.C. schools medical report is of outstanding interest and importance. The fussy and ignorant mother is revealed in it as the root cause of a great deal of childhood's ills, and the report generally strongly endorses the B.M.A.'s notable confession for the year 1932 that, at the end of it all, it is not surgery nor medicine but *education* that is the remedy and preventive of the bulk of our diseases. Health comes, first and last, from within. Educate the slum and the cottage dwellers, and 80 per cent. of our practitioners can take down their name plates. Indeed, a thousand honest G.P.s will and do confess that the overcrowding of their profession tempts their weaker brethren to "make work" for their hands.

. . . .

In the case of children, the mother should be the best doctor. Every observant parent will endorse Dr. Slot's conclusions. As regards feeding, it is not so much lack of food as a careless choice of food that affects the health of our children in slum and cottage. And again with sleep. From sentiment or misplaced anxiety, poor mothers keep their children up three and four hours after the children of the better educated are asleep. In overcrowded homes this is sometimes inevitable. *Never* in cottages, where the evil is so rife. Heart trouble and rheumatism are the chief enemies to the health of town children and, as regards both these evils, the report lays chief blame, not on damp or cold homes, not on starvation or overexertion, but on the "fussiness" of uneducated mothers, who overclothe their children, overheat their houses, and feed their babies on (often expensive) unsuitable foods.

It is an illuminating report which will no doubt suggest a new field for propaganda to the Press and the B.B.C. acting in conjunction with the Health Ministry.

A FAMOUS COLLECTION OF GLASS.

—I have now taken the opportunity of examining Sir Richard Garton's notable collection of seventeenth and eighteenth century drinking and commemoration glasses on show during August at the Haslemere Museum. Generally speaking, interest in English wineglasses ceases with the end of the eighteenth century, and Sir Richard's collection is therefore complete as well as rare. Of the gems of this exhibition, his Chesterfield flute (1660), slender in form, of thin soda glass with delicate diamond point engraving, like fine lace, takes pride of place and date. Once the property of Lord Chesterfield, it was shown in the "Age of Walnut" Exhibition in Park Lane. It bears the escutcheon of the Scudamores and the Royal Arms (P.R.1).

sletter

Gorgeous beyond belief is a two-foot high goblet of the Anglo-Venetian period with a remarkable open-serpentine stem reproduced in the cover (A.V.7.). Of the same period and ornamentation is a Punch bowl and ladle (A.V.6.).

. . . .

The Jacobite section of this exhibition is complete, rare, and full of interest. The gem of the portrait drinking-glasses is a miniature of five-and-a-half inches high. This tiny wine-glass bears a portrait of Charles Edward done in white and coloured enamels. He wears the Royal Stuart tartan with the orders of the Garter and Thistle. The stem is an opaque spiral. Next in importance is a foot-high decanter, bearing the eight-petal rose, buds, oak leaves, star and motto "Fiat," and in addition the rare emblem of the compass. Indeed this section is a document of Jacobite history whose experts will note in exhibit J. 72 the allusion to Cardinal York's conversion to Rome. One more specimen I must find space to name. B. 21 is a covered ceremonial goblet, with inset coins and bearing a portrait bust of the Blenheim period. This is indeed an exhibition which no glass lover and no good Jacobite should miss. And those who come to Haslemere from London will find the Surrey mountains at their best, dressed in Royal purple.

HOLIDAY READING.—A request from a reader for some suggestions for holiday reading comes punctually in accordance with custom. Experience has convinced me that my suggestions should comprise only recent publications, and should in fact be nothing more than a selection from the most notable publications of the year. That, I confess, is not my own idea of holiday reading, but rather of autumn reading. Holiday reading in my view should be, not an endeavour to get abreast of the times but rather a colouring of the holiday locality with proved books of fiction, travel, or otherwise dealing with that locality and with the sports and pastimes and occupations to which the holiday is to be devoted. But the general public (mercifully for publishers and modern writers) take the view that holiday time spent in reading should set out to improve their knowledge of current literature rather than of great literature. And this year, it must be admitted, has not produced a remarkable number of great books. Our "best sellers" have on the whole failed to increase their reputations, and silent merit has been less active than usual. Here are five recent books of different categories which will repay time spent on them indoors or out: Morgan's *The Fountain*, a novel of beauty and merit for the thoughtful. Street's *Farmer's Glory*, an open-air book of peculiar charm, fit to rank with White's *Selborne;* Gibbs' *Cotswold Village*, and Sassoon's *Fox-Hunting Man;* Rothenstein's *Men and Memories*, Buchan's *Scott*, and the last volume of *Queen Victoria's Letters*. But why not concentrate on your locality? If you are going to the West Country, why not take with you Froude's *English Seamen of the XVI Century*, *Westward Ho!*, *Ravenshoe*, and *Lorna Doone*? If to the New Forest, *The White Company* and *The Children of the New Forest*? Take Scott and Stevenson to Scotland, Hardy to Wessex, and Hudson to Hampshire and Sussex. That is my tip. Drink in romance in easy draughts on your holidays and forget the troubles of our own age.

A DISMAL GOODWOOD.—Worse weather for Goodwood it is difficult to recall. Hardly a gleam of sunshine illumined the scene from beginning to end. There were times when the driving mist prevented the spectators on the Trundle seeing horses passing the winning post. The only contented habitués were the bookies with good waterproofs. Most of them had plenty of paper money to keep dry. Feminine frocks, silk stockings, and tempers were ruined in scores, and as the week wore on it became a rivalry to be weatherproof rather than smart. It was Goodwood according to Cording. All things considered, the Duke of Richmond must have been gratified by the attendance, which was above all expectation under conditions so heart-breaking. But the charm of the locality and the merit of the racing drew the real enthusiasts whose name is Legion. And of course there is as genuine a satisfaction to be derived from dressing appropriately, as there is from dressing smartly. The former art is the more difficult to achieve. Polo at Cowdray was played on ground which resembled a Gruyère cheese, but there was an enthusiastic body of turf-stampers always handy.

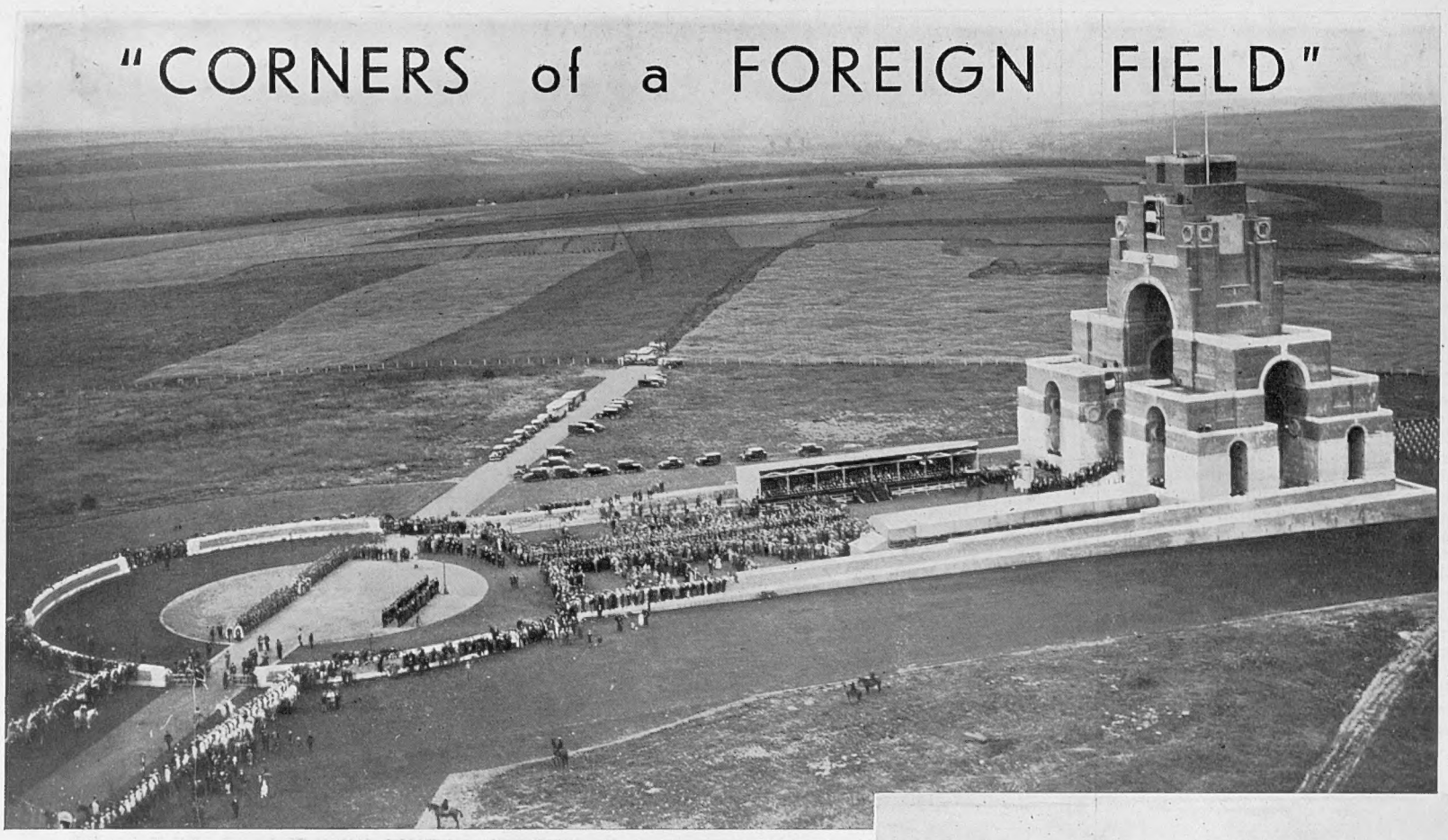
THE OLD STAGER.

SPORT IN THE NORTH: The trek to Scotland is already in full swing, but those who favour rather the rod than the gun have been installed for some time. Captain R. D. Wills of Bristol, the tobacco magnate, is seen above with Dr. Gordon Watson of Bath, his son, Mr. Hugh Gordon Watson, and Captain Wills's boatman, Ross, grouped round an open-air fire hard by Loch Craggie, Sutherland

AN AERIAL CARAVAN: Mr. H. R. Pressland, a London business man, has inaugurated a new idea in holidays. He takes an aeroplane with his caravanning party! Besides being an ideal guide when a new camping site is required, the aeroplane affords views which add considerably to the enjoyment. The camping party is seen above, near Abingdon

A BATTALION OF GIANTS: The striking scene at Southampton where fifteen liners have assembled to take 6,000 holiday makers on the new popular short cruises. The Canadian Pacific *Empress of Britain* is in the background on the right; the White Star *Olympic* and the Cunard *Aquitania* lie across the centre of the picture; the Union Castle *Kenilworth Castle* is in the foreground

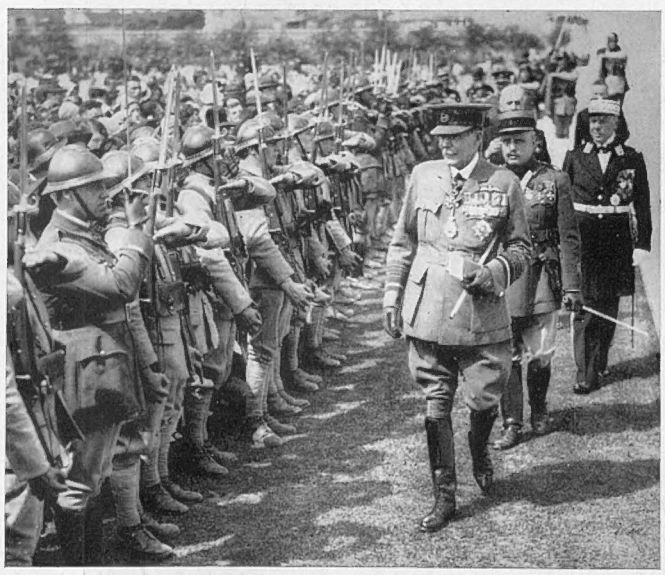
"CORNERS of a FOREIGN FIELD"



THE GREATEST OF WAR MEMORIALS: The gigantic monument to the "missing" erected at Thiepval is twice the size of the Menin Gate. It was unveiled by the Prince of Wales in the presence of the President of France, M. Albert Lebrun. An aerial view of the ceremony appears above

THE ARRAS MEMORIAL was unveiled by Marshal of the Air Force Lord Trenchard. The monument, which takes the form of a Renaissance cloister executed in white stone, was designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens. The evening dress that is the civil uniform of France was in evidence at the ceremony; girded with a tricolor sash it is seen below

LEADERS OF TWO NATIONS: The Prince of Wales and the President of France at the unveiling of the Somme Memorial



INSPECTION: Marshal of the Air Force and Commissioner of Metropolitan Police Lord Trenchard, who unveiled the Arras Memorial to those Britons who fell in the neighbourhood and to all members of the R.A.F. who fell on the Western Front and have no known graves, seen *on right* with the Mayor of Arras, in full formal regalia, and *on left* inspecting the Guard of Honour

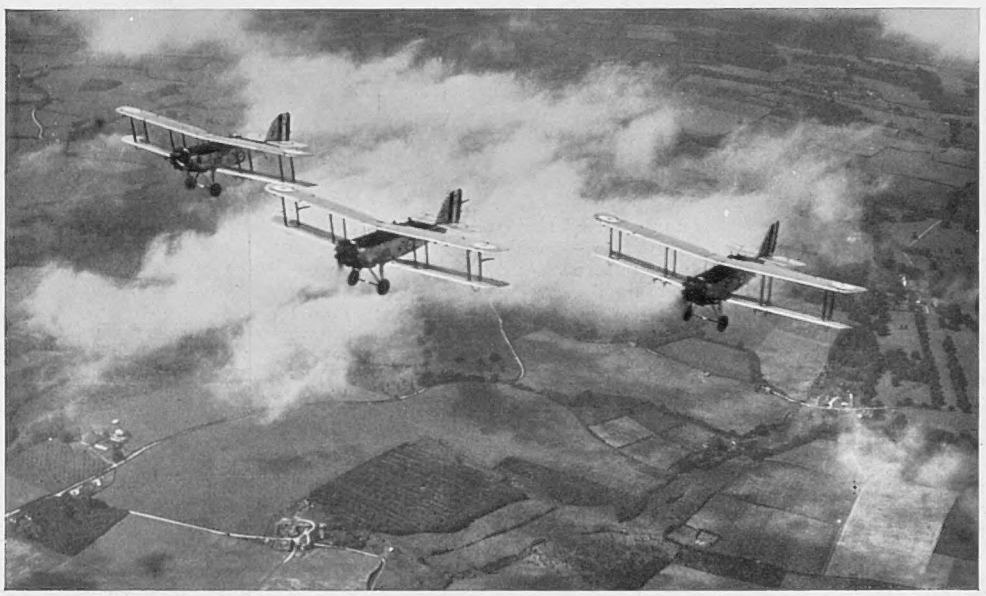
On the Sunday and the Monday of last week-end, two great memorials to Britons were unveiled in France: the first ceremony, performed by Lord Trenchard, Marshal of the Air Force and Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, was held at Arras; the second, at Thiepval, by the Prince of Wales, was in honour of the victims of the Battle of the Somme. Thousands of Britons surged into Arras, the memorial at which, designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, is dedicated, not only to those who fell in the immediate environs, but to all members of the R.A.F. and R.F.C. who have no known graves. The opening of the memorial was postponed owing to the assassination of President Doumer. The Thiepval memorial ceremony (a picture of the unveiling ceremony of which appears on the front page of this issue) was also thronged with British visitors. The young Earl Haig, son of our great Commander-in-Chief, and Lord Trenchard's eleven-year-old boy were both present.

CO-OPERATION

In Army Aircraft

THE SQUADRON IN FORMATION: No. 4 (Army Co-operation) Squadron, stationed at Farnborough, is the first to be equipped with the new Hawker Audax machines. Army-co-operation was one of the original duties of the Air Force, but, naturally, methods have developed considerably. Wireless telegraphy plays an important part in the work of reconnaissance

TELEPHONING OBSERVATIONS IN THE AIR: Army co-operation squadrons are always allotted the task of working with the army in the field, their duties being largely those of reconnaissance and photography



A HOLIDAY IN CLOUDLAND: No. 601 (County of London) Auxiliary Squadron, which is composed of prominent City men, including Peers and a Member of Parliament, went last week-end for its annual camp at Lympne. These auxiliary airmen are spending a holiday full of thrills and enjoyment. This picture was taken during a flight near the Kentish coast

Pictures by Charles E. Brown

THE MOBILE TRANSMITTING STATION: The methods by which the information obtained by army co-operation squadrons is passed to the army, require specialized training in which wireless telegraphy and radio-telephony play an important part

BANK HOLIDAY WEATHER! An incredible deluge inundated London on Bank Holiday. So severe was it that a manhole was flung up at Ludgate Circus, an incident seen on the left. That picture also shows the height to which the splashes were flung up by the violence of the storm. *On right* is a view of Trafalgar Square at noon on August Bank Holiday. Usually thronged with sightseers, the great square was deserted

THE NEW: Richmond has become so crowded that the true river-lover goes farther upstream. Those who use the river as an amusement park find the area, roughly, from London to Windsor as their Mecca, born riparians, the reaches from Windsor (save for Maidenhead) to Oxford and above

THE CHANG

Regrets for the Old Isola Every River Lover; but stream by the Ever-ad politan Civilization, the Reaches of Beauty Un

By W. HOLT-

Every year, with the advent of the Silly Season, there arrives with unfailing punctuality that monster of our affections—the Sea Serpent. As sure as April produces the parson who has heard the cuckoo near his "umbrageous vicarage," so it is imperative that, come August, some hardy master mariner should have beheld the marine mammoth reptile. These things have become a tradition of English life.

Then, with the sea serpent, so to speak, well astern, we plunge into well-charted August seas littered with the wreckage of such familiar problems as "Is England Done?" "Have the Churches Failed?" "Has the Public School had its Day?" and "Is Youth Really Right?" And in recent years we have added to this busybody and boring batch of conundrums, "Is the Thames Played Out?" or "Has the Car Killed the River?"

Now this is a question which it is to be feared has not aroused quite the interest it should. And because it has not, certain bodies have sprung into being to "popularize" the Thames. These bodies have been born of the anxieties of the various proprietors of pleasure resorts, hotel-keepers, publicans, and other caterers of riparian amusement who are alarmed at the fall in their receipts, or who feel that they might extract further money from the public's pocket if they more systematically and scientifically exploited the delights which can be offered by a long-suffering Father Thames.

Now, as one who has known his river—and there is only one river to the lover of the Thames—for thirty years, and studied it and lived on it and pulled on it from Cricklade to Gravesend, I am not averse to such propaganda in principle. On the other hand, it is impossible not to feel a little alarmed considering what has already been done along the lower reaches to destroy and vulgarize the amenities of a noble stream. I do not know what the various bodies concerned have in mind, but I can hazard a shrewd guess; and if the ultimate idea is to establish a series of beflagged and illuminated Karsinos—I use the name generically—from Richmond to Oxford, then the time has come for me to abandon my beloved and battered double-sculling gig and swop it for a seat in Charon's boat.

It must be said that since the War there has been such a nightmare of "development" along the lower reaches that the man whose hands are permanently calloused from the long caresses of his sculls, or whose punt pole is to him the very staff of life, has been pushed farther and farther upstream, and there doubtless he will dawdle through endless evening sunsets—for rowing men, like old soldiers, never die; they fade away.

But we have one consolation. Looking at the river strategically, from above, say, Wallingford, we know that the very contour of the stream, the inaccessibility of its banks to the motor-car, must—it may be for fifty years or so—keep the secret spots at which we moor, still undiscovered. We have but one dread—the picnic aeroplane.

From all of which it will be seen that the river is undoubtedly changing—changing perhaps with a rapidity and to an extent which newcomers to its banks do not realize, because these hordes of more or less riparian suburbanites never knew and would certainly never have appreciated the age-old beauties and delights which enterprising urban councils and estate-developers have destroyed.

How great are the changes which have been wrought since the War upon the banks of the Thames from, say, Richmond to Chertsey? And to what extent were they inevitable? And—still more important—how can further invasions and depredations be checked if what is left of the unspoiled Thames is to remain the river of beauty and pleasure it should be?

Are its beauties, which once existed for all, to be destroyed piecemeal by the march of multiple suburbia along its banks? Is all its winding length from, say, Sunbury to Goring to become a sort of Tooting Broadway or Balham High Road on a Saturday night?

Great and determined efforts are now being made to save certain famous national beauty spots. The Royal Society of Arts, for instance, has just purchased High Wycombe and largely restored it to its old quaintness. The Londoner takes a great interest in any threat to the much-advertised view from Richmond Hill. And Cliveden — that glorious stretch of woods between Boulter's Lock and Cookham—is now supposed to be saved.

These things are good as far as they go. But I am going farther than that. I am going to suggest that it is a matter of the greatest public importance that the Royal Society of Arts and other kindred bodies should save the "beauty spots" upstream before it is too late. Agreed that it would be a monumental task, for, save where beauty has already been destroyed, the Thames is in reality one long succession of "beauty spots" from Datchet up to Oxford.

How great is the change which has already taken place? How great is the danger which threatens? I went out to see.

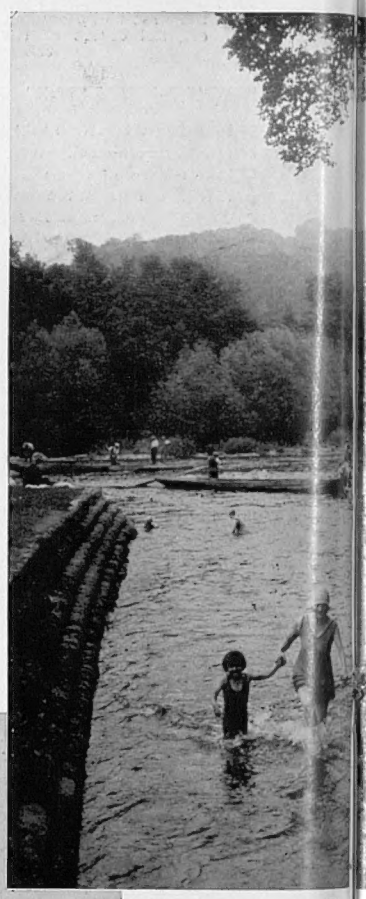
It is twenty years and more since two other blades and I—"Three Men in a Boat"—first came down in a ram-you-damn-you double-sculler from Oxford to Teddington Lock. We did the ninety-seven miles in three days. That is neither dawdling nor is it hustling. It was just a gentle pull. But I remember every township as though I had seen it yesterday.

Since then my blade has been busy in every reach from Richmond Half Lock to Bray; and since the War I have watched with distress the ceaseless displacement of trees by bricks and mortar. Take Twickenham, for instance. Once the battered old King's Head stood at the corner of Waer Lane. It has been replaced by a palatial establishment with amplified music and tea tents. The quaint old High Street has been swept away. Beyond that was Cross Deep. From thence one could walk between old high red-brick walls overhung by lovely trees to Pope's Grotto, where in the old days lived Labouchere. Gone are the walls, gone are the trees, gone are the stately old mansions. Instead there are endless acres of villadom — thousands of new houses; even cinemas *de luxe*.

Up to a year or so ago one could look out from Teddington Suspension Bridge, and there were nothing but farms and meadows. The only dwellings one could see were the lock-keeper's house, and in the far distance beyond Ham Common, White Lodge, nestling on the summit of Richmond Hill. Now there is a sea of roofs.

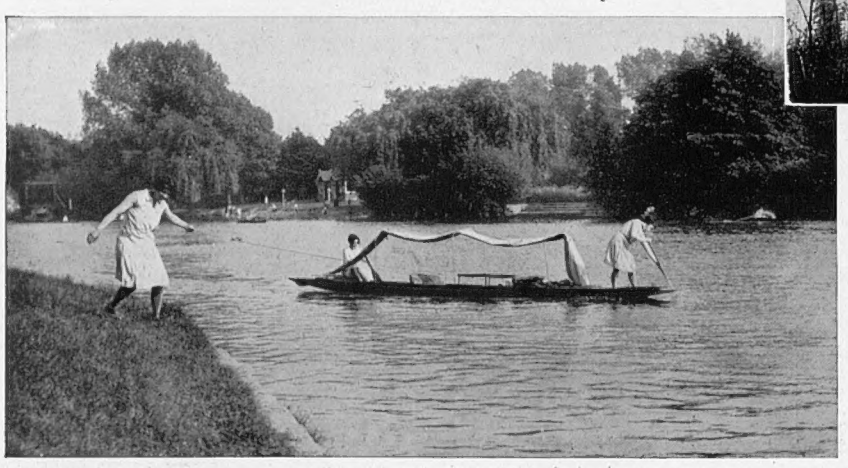
They had to come, of course. Obviously, it is not reasonable to suppose that the ever-increasing extension of London would not affect the Thames Valley. The pity of it is that there is not a central authority to control the extension. Even now, the lovely little villages of Ham and Petersham are fighting a grim fight for their lives against encroaching Kingston. One by one the surrounding fields are being swallowed by the Moloch-like jaws of the builders of "estates."

Farther upstream, of course, it is infinitely worse. Surbiton was always Surbiton. Nothing could be done about that. The great sweep of Hampton Court Park preserves the left bank up to Molesey.



YOUTH AT ITS BEST: natural and un Cookham. The sec Bourne End is rank tween" the crow stream and the

THE RIVER IN GLOOMY MOOD at Isleworth: Certain areas of the stream are as yet un-honeycombed with roads and towpaths. Syon House is in the background



THE ADVANCE GUARD OF MODERNITY is already perceptible at Windsor, which has now become almost suburban

ING THAMES

tion Possess the Heart of though Driven ever Up-vancing Tide of Metro- True Riparian yet finds sullied by Modernity

WHITE

THE AGELESS: Cliveden Reach, Taplow, shows the river in all its summer beauty. It is to sections of this type that the heart of the true riparian turns and yearns when confronted with the engulfment of suburbia, effected on the lower reaches of the great river

Beyond that, of course, the Metropolitan Water Board did its damnedest years ago. Sunbury Weir is still Sunbury Weir; but past Sunbury Lock you come upon a species of suburban Lido which is enough to make one shudder. Now from here on past Walton, round Halliford Bend, up to Shepperton is where the real damage begins. Not much harm has been done to the banks, but there is peril threatening from the hinterland on the right bank. The old villages are disappearing. There is street after street lined with multiple stores. Tooting! Everywhere the march of the ideas of Tooting. From here as far as Chertsey the whole stretch is being Balhamised.

It would be impossible to compute the increase in the population of this section of the Thames Valley during the past few years, for these great new colonies extend from the back of Chertsey as far as Staines. The coming of these vast multitudes has been a source of endless anxiety to many bodies. The Metropolitan Water Board has had to furnish further catchments upstream to supply them with water. The Thames Conservancy has had to give its most astute thoughts to the prevention of the flooding of immense acreages which, green pastures a few years ago, are now suburban colonies. Millions and millions have been spent in these tremendous endeavours to supply people with water and keep water from them. Considering, indeed, the new populations of tens of thousands, scores of thousands, and hundreds of thousands who have gravitated to these parts, it is astonishing that the damage they have done to the beauty of the river's banks is not greater than it is.

A typical scene of orced gaiety near ion between Bray and ed as "betwixt and be- ded suburbs of the lower glory of the upper

There must, of course, be suburbs, so why not suburbs on the Thames? It is selfish to complain. At the same time it is hard, when one has lived in Paradise, to find oneself in pandemonium. And these new river folk are not, and never will be, true riparians. They just use the water as they would use an amusement park. Indeed, they represent the difference between the walker and the hiker. The walker loves his solitude or his one companion; the hiker goes in gangs.

Now river folk are solitary folk, so let us pull upstream, and only one thing would I say before we start. In these days, with eighteen deaths a day upon the roads, everyone is instructing the motorists how to behave and the pedestrians how to walk. But it occurs to no one—certainly not the Thames Conservancy nor the hirers of boats—to instruct anyone in the rules of the river. And so they go banging and barging about, and the more they barge and the more they bang the better seems to be the fun. And so they drown themselves.

Well, anyway, let us get upstream. From Penton Hook Lock up to Staines. From Bell Weir Lock to Egham. Then Datchet, with Windsor Castle looming. Away, as fast as we can get, to Boveney Lock above Windsor—for it is only here that we can begin to leave the suburbs behind. And when one gets past Bray, one begins to breathe—yet not altogether freely, because there is Maidenhead ahead. For now you are coming to a most curious stretch of river. From Bray to Bourne End it is roughly between six and seven miles, but they are perhaps the most famous six miles on the river. They resemble what perhaps might be called a Higher Suburbia. Along the banks are a number of stately old mansions and a larger number of modern dwellings which remind one of Chislehurst in the days when the Stock Exchange was booming. There was always money along those six miles—money which was shared fairly equally between Throgmorton Street and the Stage. The great stretch of well-kept gardens made it impossible for people of small means to build there; and though here and there to-day there are ominous notices which say "To Let" or "For Sale," there is still obviously much money along these reaches.

It is extraordinary how little change has taken place in the last twenty years. It is all charming and delightful still. Musical comedy sort of people from attachés and guardsmen to leading ladies and soubrettes, suitably attired, in an old George Edwardes' setting. A most pleasing survival.

WHERE THE STOCK EXCHANGE MEETS THE STAGE: An exquisite setting near Bray, where some of the loveliest though not the loneliest of river scenery is to be found

But the thirsty rowing man will pull a little farther up to where iced champagne is less frequent, but where in an old inn the host still understands the art of wedding the amber beer to the pewter tankard.

With Cookham and Bourne End astern one comes to neat, trim Gt. Marlow; and against that one can write, "Thank God, no change." Up through Temple Lock, through the seductive backs of Hurley. Hambleden Lock, round the bend—and into the great straight of the Henley course. Marvellous! In thirty years only two new structures—two wooden houses on the right bank.

And Henley, complete with "Red Lion" and "Catharine Wheel," just as it always was—down to the cold beef and the foreign waiters. Then past the wonderful sweep of Park Place and Temple Coombe; and here, as far as Shiplake, you pass stately mansions—isolated, undisturbed by the flight of time. The suburbia of the lower reaches is as though it had never been. Only at lovely, lovely Shiplake there is an encampment on the lock, and at one spot a foul rash of bungaloids. Apart from these—"No change."

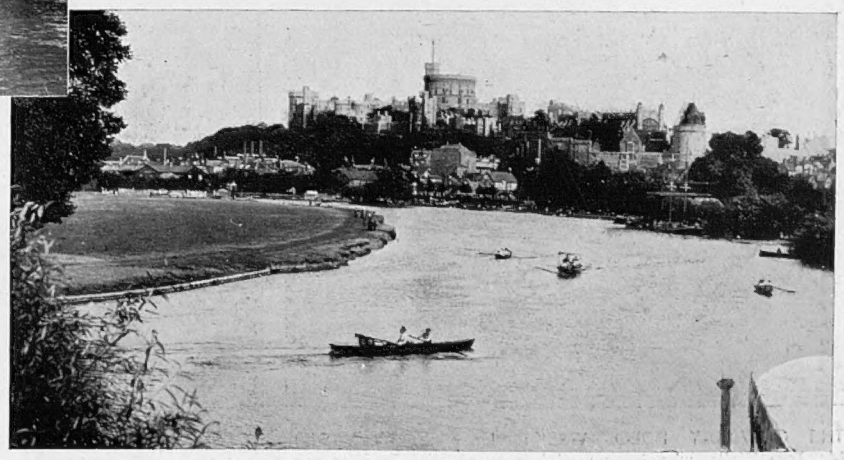
Sonning, with delphiniums burning like blue flames before the old grey church. And then a sudden lapse from beauty to the wharves and dinginess of Reading. Then blessed little Maple Durham with its rose gardens. Pangbourne next—another touch of Chislehurst, only Chislehurst in a state of dis-repair. But beyond this, past Hartslock Wood, the outpost of the Chilterns, through open country and kindly clustering trees, to Goring, with Streatley on the other bank. And surely the rectory at Streatley, with its trees and shrubs and flowers down to the water's edge, must be the loveliest rectory in the world.

And so to Cleeve Lock with its rock garden. It is to my mind the prettiest lock on the Thames. From Cleeve Lock to Oxford is twenty-eight miles, but when one has passed Cleeve one leaves the park land behind and drifts through English scenery which I should think had been untouched for at least a hundred years.

From Great Marlow to the gates of Oxford at Iffley Lock, indeed—and this is the best part of sixty miles—one can in all honesty write that the Thames is as it was—no change. Nor, for that matter, as I said at the outset, does one see how there could ever be much change. There are no tow-paths, and few roads run down to the river bank.

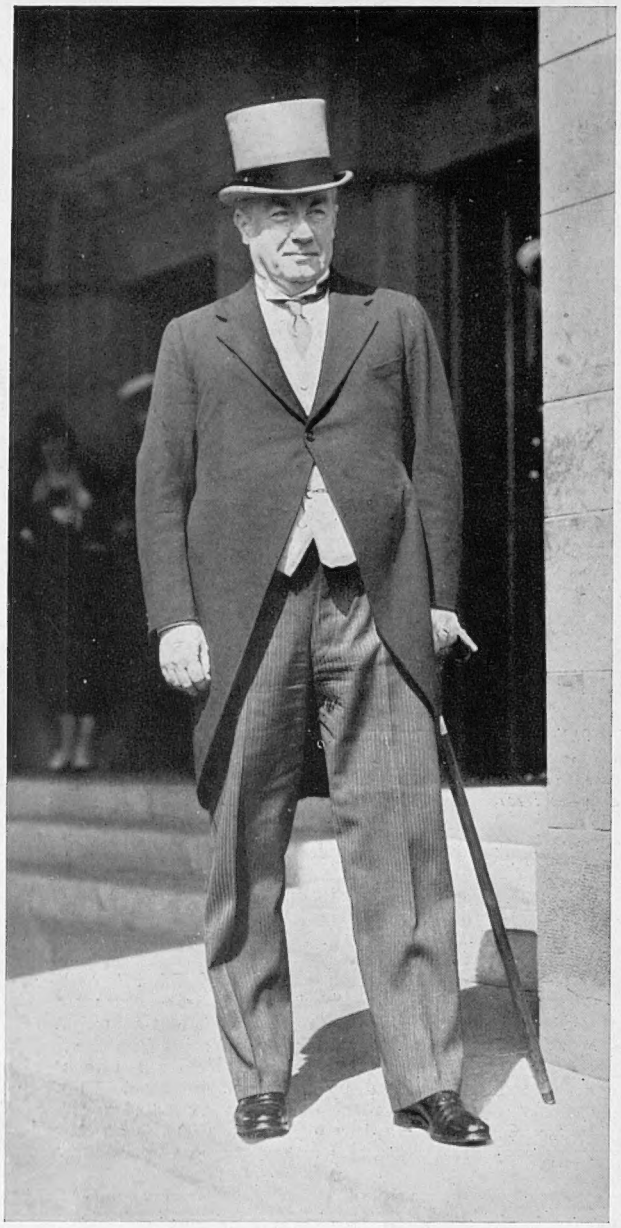
In the lower reaches the river has been subjected to great changes. But one cannot reasonably complain. After all, if the suburbs have pushed North as far as St. Albans, and South the best part of the way to Sevenoaks, it is absurd to grumble if they have pushed up the Thames Valley as far, at any rate, as Staines.

After all, those who love the country for the country's sake had, when suburbia overtook them, to go farther afield. So river folk who love the river must seek the upper reaches. Upstream there is no change.



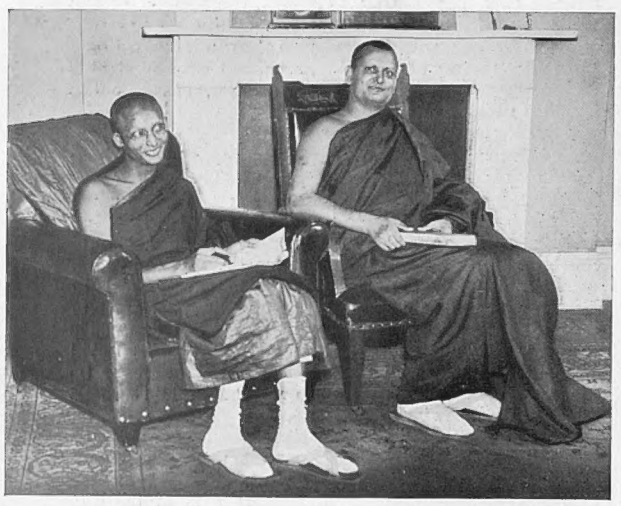
ROYAL WINDSOR is athrong with those on but not those of the river, who proceed ever upstream in search of solitude

THE PASSING PAGEANT



MR. STANLEY BALDWIN in the morning coat and grey top-hat that, as an old Harrovian, he would probably wear at Lord's, is now representing Britain at Ottawa

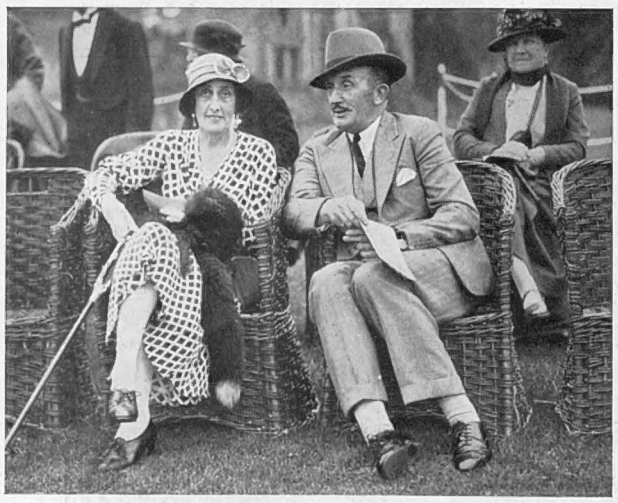
AT THE ANGUS SHOW: The Countess of Dalhousie, the Dowager Countess of Airlie, and the Earl of Dalhousie in a group at the great agricultural show of the North held at Forfar



BUDDHIST MISSIONARIES who are forbidden to shake hands and may own no possessions, and who speak perfect English, French, and German, are now in London

MISS ANN DVORAK with her husband, Mr. Leslie Fenton, is, it is rumoured, to make a series of British moving pictures

FROM THE ANTIPODES: Miss Judy Kelly of Australia who was chosen from 1,200 entrants for an opening in British films



AT THE COWDRAY POLO WEEK: Lady Cowdray with Mr. Tom Walls, who is as well known on the Turf as on the Stage

TO SWIM OR NOT TO SWIM: Miss "Sunny" Lowry, seen with her trainer, Mr. Jabez Wolfe, is held up at Dover by the inclement weather

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OF MEN: AND TUOHY

The Post-War Glut of Momentary Cabinet Ministers Argues Ill for the Stability of Post-War Europe

periods. So that, deducting these four Governments, covering eight years, we find that there have been ten French Governments in five years, or one every six months, covering a good deal of the time, and that the most critical. Cabinets have been skittled out one after the other on all manner of pretexts, internal and external, valid and contemptible, and it is apparently the wish in one quarter that the same musical chairs might recur now.

In a book just out, *Devant le Pays*, Monsieur Tardieu points out that as he had to pop in and out of office with only *two* real parties in the Chamber, Herriot, now that there exist *three* parties, should in all likelihood find it even more difficult to stay in power. Yet there, perhaps, Tardieu may be hoping for too much. As soon as men get into their stride, do good work, grow used to their aides, out they go. One gathers that the majority of Frenchmen have noted the thinness of this. At all events, the present position is that Herriot is saying to the deputies and senators, "I do this. You can support me or no" and that the country is saying "hear, hear," though how long this may last is open to conjecture.

Chiefly, they wanted Herriot's blood at Lausanne because of the nature of new taxation, and no doubt on his journey to Paris Herriot recollected how, once before, he was sunk through a flight from the franc engineered by his political opponents. Now, here again was a financial morass—over £600,000,000 frozen in bullion under the Avenue de l'Opéra and the Treasury nearly empty, forced to inflate and to introduce heavy new taxation. What would they do with him this time? Luckily "they" had their ears to the ground and sent him back to Lausanne. Nevertheless, it would be rash to count on a perpetuation of such new-found wisdom. Herriot may quite easily fall yet on whether small children should say prayers before school. Briand, it will be recalled, once fell because he played golf and Poincaré decided that "the Welshman had him in his pocket."

"France will have to have Poincaré as one has the measles," said Briand on his return from Cannes on that occasion, classic illustration of the premise of this article.

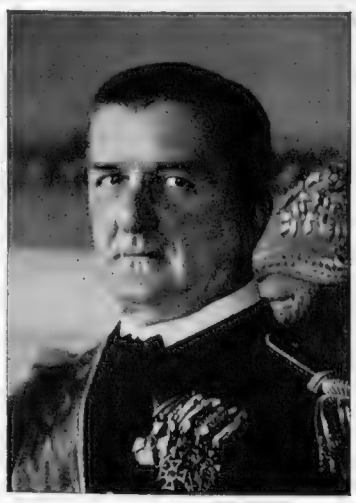
Turning to Italy, the Duce has just bowled five of his team over at one heave, yet the effect is obviously not the same as elsewhere. The Duce has his own private ninepins in the back garden. He changes his men but never Mussolini. He remains the Prefect, taking, teaching, promoting, distancing, discarding, at his own sweet will. A freak affair. The Duce believes in radical changes every three years in order to introduce new blood, but also so that none may approach an inch nearer the famous table in the Venetian Palace than he would wish. He now retains one only of his original team, Balbo.

mann and Dr. Luther, both of whom held Chancellor at various times. The former, statesmen, had a far from easy row to port his own country gave him

HERR BRUENING, who has been "put out" by the so-called Junker Cabinet of von Papen, although there is only one true Junker—i.e. a landowner of Prussia—in the group

Was Grandi distanced because Italy did not know of the Franco-British pact before it was published? Had Grandi been getting too liked, too much of a figure? All one knows is that there's first-class work for Grandi to do in London. And so we may leave, in this matter of ninepins, the lonely Duce who trusts no man (spoken to Emil Ludwig), who is now putting his latest precept, "Andare al populo," into practice, who is moving away from capitalism, fighting yet another fight to retain his hold in dire times, when every day more of that youth he has trained and fired reaches manhood and is clamant.

At first glance it might appear that Washington escapes instability of régime. Only every four years does the incoming President select a new Cabinet which stays put for the duration. Actually, what supervenes? Perhaps as bad a case as any. One day it is part of the Congress succeeding itself, the next a third of the Senate doing likewise, and after that yet another and another third, while hardly has one President assumed office than kites are flying regarding his successor, and all the time the Administration remains at the mercy of the most formidable lobbyists the world has ever known, Bankers, Labour, War Veterans, Wets, Drys, Chambers of Commerce, People defending wood, copper, oil, coal, Big Navyites, Farmers, Women's Clubs and Leagues, Religion. How Washington arrives at a fixed policy at all is something of a marvel seeing that there's hardly a moment's peace from electioneering in some form or another, and with the sequel that we know only too well, and are at this moment enduring until December. Waiting. Waiting, even as we had to wait, inanely, for several months earlier this year while a doomed French Government threw itself about the place in dying paroxysms. That was in order that a protocol with whiskers might be respected. It is not much different across the ocean.



Signor Balbo, who has survived alone, among outstanding figures, in the the Premiership of Hungary with admirable tenacity; Admiral Horthy, who is Habsburg, if ever he can take over; and President Masaryk of Czechoslovakia, State to its present lofty station

In Spain Azana does cleave to urgent business. It seems that he is putting up a more and more remarkable show, ruling as a dictator but surrounded by the full trappings of democracy; and all happy with themselves, the main thing.

We, finally, are not to be wholly despised at ninepins. In the score years leading to 1916 four Governments sufficed the United Kingdom and in reality but two, since Balfour was a follow-on, through old age, of Salisbury, and Asquith ditto, through the death of "C.-B." In all those years the key positions in international affairs (far more "key" now than then), Premiership, Foreign Affairs, Exchequer, cannot have passed beyond the merest handful of men, probably not more than seven or eight. In contrast, consider matters since the War. We have had no fewer than eight Governments, Hang the Kaiser, Bonar Law, First Baldwin, First MacDonald, Second Baldwin, Second MacDonald, First National,

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI, who, since his assumption of power in '22, remains through all changes of political weather (if any!) in Fascist Italy—but he is the sole minister to remain for long!

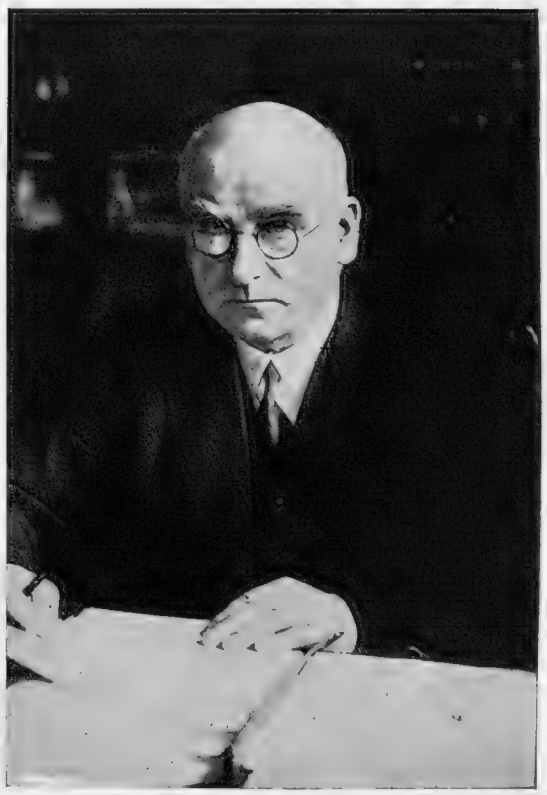
Grand National. And Heaven knows how many Ministers have trooped in and out of jobs in Cabinets which have hovered round the twenty mark.

One clear case, at least, of grievous interference with foreign affairs stands forth, namely, the transition from first MacDonald to second Baldwin and which wrote finis to the Geneva Protocol which the former had practically agreed upon with Herriot and which the two are now having to revert to, in another form; eight years after.

Or take the flinging forth of Mr. Lloyd George a decade ago, ostensibly because he had trumpeted to battle the Dominions, of all places, to the Dardanelles. Most ill-judged, yet it may be so that "L.G." was the one man who could have stood up to Poincaré and have stopped the Ruhr, which adventure in the higher crime put us all back heaven knows how many years, or so say the historians. "L.G." had great prestige, he knew the ropes of that day, and he didn't care a hoot for any man; he showed that opposite the truculent failure, Millerand, at Spa.

Poincaré went in; and poor Bonar could hardly speak, the first and only time the two met in Paris.

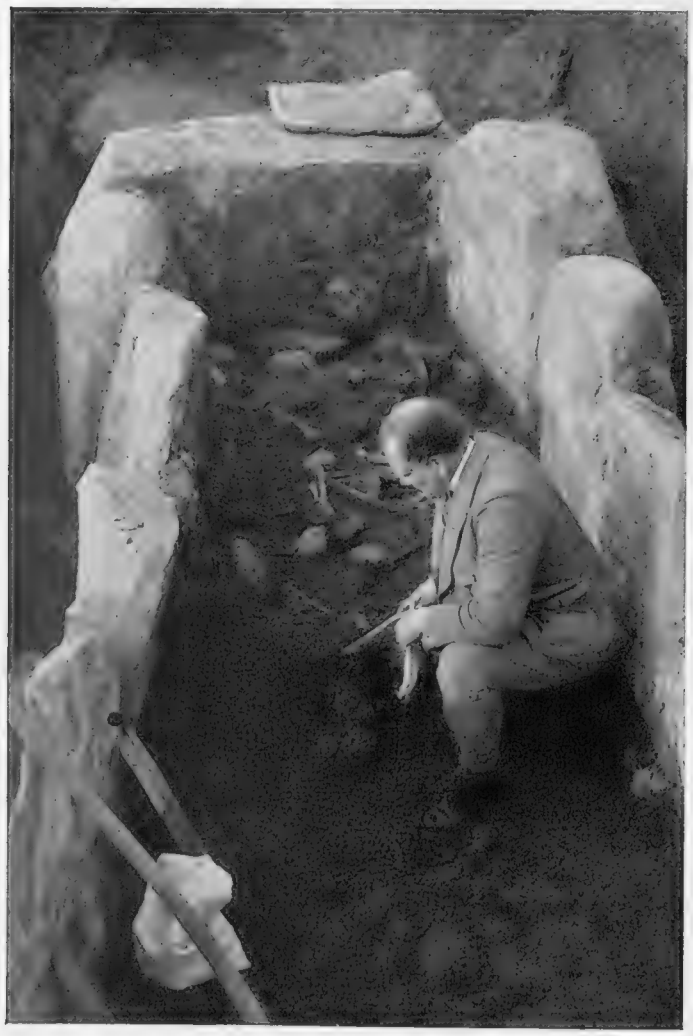
Elections and changes purify and strengthen—admitted. They also can play merry Hades, as witness the Hispano-New Yorker now controlling Ireland on the strength of seven votes culled heaven knows where. And, besides, surely we've had our fill for some time to come? Of changes and elections? It seems the fact, at any rate, that the two definitely militate against war-healing and European recovery.



HERR OTTO BRAUN who held the Premiership of Prussia through thick and thin—he has nerves of steel—until superseded by the constitutional dictatorship of von Papen

WONDERS OF ANTIQUITY

HONEYCOMBED CLIFFS OF THE VALLEY OF GOROME: The cliffs in the Valley of Gorome are honeycombed with dwelling caves and chapels, with steep steps leading up to the entrances. The beginning of the colonization cannot be established, but no doubt during the various invasions of Asia Minor the Troglodyte Valley was a hiding place for refugees



A GIANT STONE TOMB was recently discovered by accident near Landsberg (Warthe) in the course of carrying out of excavations. The chamber, five metres long, was used as the burial place of a number of corpses. Twenty skeletons have been discovered through the work of Herr Buchholz, Keeper of the Archives, together with stone hatchets and earthenware pots. The date of the grave has been estimated at 2,000 B.C. This form of grave was unknown in Neumark until this discovery

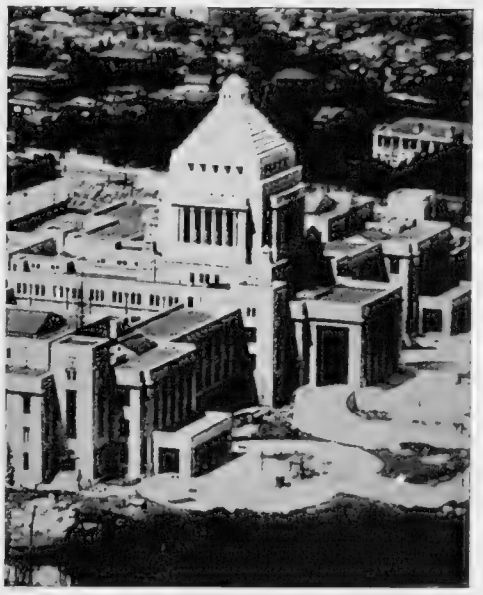
INTERIOR OF SUBTERRANEAN CHURCH in the valley of Gorome. The majority of the caves date from the eighth to the thirteenth centuries when Christian monks lived here, some of the caves being cloister cells, and chapels in which the frescoes, which covered the walls are still plainly visible. The ground plan is usually in the form of a Greek cross, the main body being divided by arches supported by pillars of Byzantine architecture

THE VALLEY OF GOROME is in Cappodocia, Anatolia, west of the volcanic mountain range of the Erdjias Dagh. The ancients called this unusual terrain the Wonderland of the Five Thousand Pillars. The road in the valley is cut through the soft Tufa stone, and along the wayside are fantastic water-eroded natural pillars sometimes capped with slabs of volcanic rock

NEWS from MANCHUKUO

and the Land of the Rising Sun

MESSENGERS OF GOODWILL: Three young women from Manchukuo, the new State of Manchuria, who were received with great hospitality in Tokio. The one in front, in Chinese costume, bears the flag of the new State. Another party consisting of two Manchukuo girls, two Koreans, and two Japanese girls born in Manchuria, was given a great welcome by the children of Tokio



NEARING COMPLETION: The Japanese Diet building seen from the air. It is the largest building of its kind and was begun in 1918 but was delayed by the 'quake of '23

THE RETURN FROM SHANGHAI: The atmosphere of an almost Roman triumph characterized the return of the Japanese commanders to Tokio. Thousands lined the streets, some of whom, to obtain a better view, balanced themselves precariously on the saddles of bicycles. In the carriages were Admiral Nomura and General Ueda, both of whom were injured, the former in the eye, the latter in the leg, by the Korean bomb outrage last April. This was perpetrated during the celebration in Shanghai of the Mikado's birthday on April 29. In addition to Admiral Nomura and General Ueda, General Shiosawa, C.-in-C. of the Japanese E. F. was mortally wounded

THE SHINTO CEREMONY when prayers and offerings were made to the spirit of General Shiosawa, a portrait of whom is on the altar. General Ueda is paying his respects to the spirit of his murdered chief. An A. D. C. stood behind General Ueda

A PUBLIC HOLIDAY IN JAPAN: The 'bus-girls (conductors on the 'bus routes are women in Nippon) enjoy themselves in Osaka—a vignette of modern Japanese life. The westernization of the Empire of the Rising Sun is very clear, not merely in the dress that they have adopted as the uniform of pacific pursuits, but also in the general atmosphere that recalls the hustle and bustle and hurly-burly of Hampstead Heath on a bank holiday rather than the conventionally stately and leisurely amusements of the Ultimate East

A DREAM CELLAR: A gigantic tun, rivalling that of Heidelberg, capable of holding 70,000 litres of wine, in the catacombs of Vienna, a city notable for its cellar restaurants

THE RENAISS

For the First Time Since Before the War, tion of the Rising Generation of the "Haute on the Vintages which in Time will Rank as

By

				s.	£	s.	d.
10 doz.	Port,	Croft 1922	at	74	37	0	0
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10 ,,	,,	Fonseca 1927	at	60	30	0	0
5 ,,	Champagne,	Pol Roger 1921	at	156	39	0	0
5 ,,	,,	Moet 1921	at	156	39	0	0
5 ,,	,,	Heidsieck D.M.vintage 1921	at	160	40	0	0
5 ,,	,,	Pommery 1921	at	162	40	10	0
5 ,,	,,	Perrier Jouet vintage 1923	at	156	39	0	0
5 ,,	,,	Clicquot 1923	at	154	38	10	0
2 ,,	Hock,	Johannisberger Auslese Riesling 1921	at	132	13	4	0
1 ,,	,,	Forster Jesuitengarten	at	138	6	18	0
5 ,,	,,	Liebfraumilch Nibelungen Krone Riesling Auslese 1925	at	120	30	0	0
2 ,,	Moselle,	Graacher Himmelreich Auslese 1925	at	126	12	12	0
3 ,,	,,	Scharzberger Feine Auslese 1921	at	144	21	12	0
2 ,,	Brandy,	60 years' old Liqueur	at	312	31	4	0
4 ,,	Burgundy,	Pommard	at	54	10	16	0
2 ,,	,,	Clos de Tart 1923	at	108	10	16	0
7 ,,	,,	Clos de Tart 1928	at	74	25	18	0
					£568	0	0

Durkheimer, Feuerberg, Gewurztraminer, Auslese. Wachstum, J. G. Zumstein, D. Leiden, K. & K. Hoflieferant, Koln a/Rhein 1917.

Laboriously but joyously I write down these mystic words, sit back, and then indite again, with even greater enthusiasm: Forster Jesuitengarten, Riesling Auslese, Wachstum, Wilhelm Spindler 1920. Yes, I have been tasting two of the finest bottles of Rhine wine that the leading hock expert in the country could set before me at luncheon to-day. The long German words uncoil themselves like a benediction. Thank goodness enlightened people realize that wine, like music, is truly international, and whatever hard things may still be thought about the Germans, they make the finest still white wines in the world.

If you ask any wine merchant or any wine waiter, they will tell you that the most notable feature of the wine industry to-day is the increased demand for German wines and sherry. One West End wine merchant tells me that this year he has sold £1,000 worth more of sherry than he did last year. He added that of Liebfraumilch 1921 alone he has sold a thousand dozens in the last twelve months. Those are significant figures when you realize that whisky consumption has dropped by nearly a third, burgundy and claret by more than half, and everything else, except non-vintage champagnes and brandies, in proportion.

Mr. John Warren, the hock expert, who romantically married the daughter of Herr Eugene Ziegler, the senior partner in the biggest firm of hock growers at Cologne, when he was billeted there in the Army of Occupation, is quite frank about the 1921 vintage. "It saved the industry," he says. "It was the first really good year since 1893 and nobody, however insular, could possibly refrain from buying it. An enormous amount of it has already been drunk, but we still have several hundred dozens of it in wood. It is such an enormous wine that it will go on improving for many years to come, just as the 1893 Schloss Johannisberger, when you can get it, is the finest hock you can possibly taste. Why, even now you will find that one bottle in three of the Rudesheimerberg 1865 is still sound.

"Incidentally, the last real hock vintage was 1929, though 1925 and 1927 were excellent years. The general depression throughout the world, though, is preventing wine merchants, whether German or French, from declaring certain years to be vintage years even when they are up to vintage standard. Fortunately for the German wines, the majority of them are fit for drinking when they are very young. Some are drunk too early, but many cannot be drunk too soon. Another advantage is that white wines do not have to be handled with the same care as red wines."

Mr. Warren sipped his wine, and went on: "The latest statistics from the wine and spirit trade records show that during June more than 21,000 gallons of German wines were cleared for consumption as compared with 15,000 in June of last year. Unfortunately, these figures are rather apt to be misleading as they take no account of stocks already in the hands of the merchants which are now being consumed by the public, and people really *are* drinking German wines to-day. Owing to high duties we suffer a great deal from falsification, but with better times generally we presume that the demand for fine wines will increase again."

Of this there seems little doubt. Mr. Arthur Kemp, one of the best-known wine merchants in London, tells me that for the first time for ten years young men are putting down cellars. A number of lordlings are among them, and here, to give proof, is the actual cellar laid down by a youthful earl whose photograph you see almost every day in the newspapers, together with the prices he paid:

Bureau Francais de Tourisme

CHÂTEAU DE CLOS VOUGEOT: One of the great districts of Burgundy. It used to be said in France that "Burgundy was the wine for kings; champagne for duchesses; claret for gentlemen, and port for citizens." A great number of wines—especially port—exported to England are fortified by the addition of brandy to enable them to sustain the journey

"This fortunate young man," said Mr. Kemp, "has a large stock of older vintage ports in his cellars left him by his father, and also some old clarets which he is using up. You will notice that there is no claret in the list I have given, as he is not himself a claret drinker and will just order a few dozens as he wants it for his guests. To make the cellar really representative he should, I suppose, have had a few dozens of Château Margaux 1920 at 144s., as well as some Latour and Haut Brion 1924 at 96s., and some Margaux 1928 at 92s. Naturally his spirits, liqueurs, light table wines, port from the wood, and sherry are bought as required."

Mr. Kemp then spoke generally about the wine trade from the point of view of the West End merchant. "People," he said, "have not generally speaking got the money for the vintage champagnes like the 21's. What they buy are the non-vintage wines which are so much cheaper. In the same way there seems to be little demand for old vintage ports. One of the reasons for this is the demand for sherry. I honestly do not believe that we shall ever get back to the days when the public would buy ports at 240s. a dozen. We have in stock Taylor's 1896 for which we ourselves paid 190s. a dozen. I doubt very much whether port will ever rise to more than 150s. a dozen except in very rare cases.

"If, mind you, we had bought that '96 vintage when it was two years old, it would only have cost 30s. a dozen, and it would not have been a gamble. Buying vintage port never is. If you know that there has been plenty of sun, and yet enough rain to keep the grapes fresh and moist, and the new wine leaves a strong taste of prunes on the palate, you know you have got what will become a thundering good wine. At the present moment the best ports to buy are the 1912's. The 1920's are excellent too, and even the 1922's have come on to the market. It may interest you to know that the last vintage year for port was 1927, though 1931 was such a good year that it would have been designated as such if it had not been for the slump. The last vintage years for burgundy were 1923, 1928 and 1929. The last vintage years for claret were 1924, 1928 and 1929. The last vintage years for hocks and moselles were 1921 and 1929,

IN A LONDON CELLAR: A small section of the claret bins wine merchants of the West End. Despite the sneer of beloved of the connoisseur. The Lafittes

ANCE of the CELLAR

the Laying Down of Fine Wine is again Attracting the Atten- Noblesse." The Accompanying Article gives Valuable Advice "Great," and Gives Salutary Warnings in the Purchase of Wine

CHARLES GRAVES

though the intervening years of 1925 and 1927 were also excellent. There is, of course, no such thing as a vintage year for sherry, but the last vintage years for champagne were 1923 and 1926.

"One famous firm of port shippers refused to treat any year between 1912 and 1927 as a vintage year, passing up 1917, 1920, and 1922. The result was that the wine trade rushed head over heels to buy their 1927 port, and they were able to charge an extra £10 a pipe (which means fifty-six dozen) for it. The last really good year for brandy was 1906, though there is still a certain amount of the 1896, and this very week we have been offered some Denis Mounie 1865 at 340s. a dozen, and the same brandy five years older at 525s. They are both magnificent but . . ."

Mr. Kemp being evidently in reminiscent mood, I asked him which were his favourites of the various types of wine. This was his answer:

Champagne	A 1904 Pommery.
Claret	A '99 Lafitte.
Burgundy	A 1911 Chambertin.
Hock	A 1921 Steinberger Cabinet Beeren Auslese.
Port	A '96 Taylor's.
Moselle	A 1921 Berncasteler Doctor Auslese.
Brandy	An 1808 Grande Fine Denis Mounie, of which he sold twenty-five dozen to the late King.

Every wine merchant with whom you discuss their business will tell you that the restaurants and hotels charge too much for their wines, and moreover provide the wrong food for them. "How," they ask, "can you expect the public to drink fine clarets at prohibitive prices when its food is covered with dreadful sauces?" The restaurants reply that they give their public the food it wants, and the 100 per cent. profit they make on their wines is essential to the upkeep of the orchestra and all the other overhead charges. They will tell you that there is not a single smart restaurant in New York showing a profit since prohibition came in. No doubt this is true.

They say too, that if people are going to drink champagne they will do so whatever the price, and that even if you brought the price down to 16s. a bottle it would not increase the number of champagne drinkers. In France, by the way, they are starting a new system whereby on certain days of the week in various parts of the country the price of champagne will be drastically cut. They hope in this way to increase the champagne habit. One English hotel manager tells me that more champagne is drunk in the restaurant to-day than it was thirty years ago. That may be—but what about the difference between 1928 and 1932? One would have thought it might be worth while to lower the cost of champagne and, indeed, of all wines, for a brief period just as an experiment.

THE TASTING OF WINE is a great art. Some experts (such as Morton Shand) can tell district, type of grape, and even vintage, at a sip. Mr. Ryan, who has been appointed as the Hotel Chief of all caravanserais on the L.N.E.R system, is seen above tasting wine

PIPES OF PORT being unloaded at the great London cellars of Hedges and Butler. A "pipe" is 177 gals. Dr. Samuel Johnson once delivered himself of a typical aphorism on the subject of eighteenth century wine. "Claret," said he, "is tipple for boys; port is the wine for men; and brandy the draught of heroes." As the brandy of that day was extremely fiery and formidably alcoholic, the last part of his statement was probably accurate!

in the cellars of Messrs. Hedges and Butler, the distinguished Dr. Johnson that "claret was tipple for boys," it is a wine and Margaux have a glory all their own

Instead of this, one or two hotels like the Savoy have instituted the carafe system in order to encourage wine drinking. For the price of 3s. 6d. you can have a quart of Médoc or hock or *vin rosé*, and it seems to be meeting with considerable success. The Savoy, incidentally, is one of the few hotels where the corkage system—whereby a wine waiter receives a shilling per cork from the great firms as an inducement to push their wines—is frowned upon, and every day the corks are taken down to the furnaces in great baskets and burnt.

Another point about the Savoy which, with the Trocadero, is considered to have the best wine cellars of any hotel in London, is that Mr. Reeves Smith, the chairman of the company, gives lectures two or three times a year to the wine waiters, allowing them to taste samples of the wines, on which they make notes—with the result that if you ask a wine-waiter's advice about a certain wine he will be able to tell you from personal experience about its flavour. A final note about the Savoy is that they have the most expensive hock in the country in their cellars. This is a 1920 Deidersheimer Kalkofen Riesling Beeren Auslese, and costs even the wine merchant £5 a bottle. No, I have never tried it!

From this to Red Biddy and Red Lizzie is a far cry. But to make this article at all complete it was necessary to find out about the more notorious as well as about the more notable wines. In the accepted sense of the word, Red Lizzie and Red Biddy are not wines at all. For a liquid to be a wine it ought to be the produce of fresh grapes pressed at the time of picking on the spot where they are picked. It is, therefore, a paradox to have a British wine, because we have no vineyards. What happens is that grape pulp is brought into this country under the Customs' definition of "Sweets" and is then fabricated into ruby wine or red wine. In the East End and the other poorer parts of the country old women order a glass of it and slip in a phial of methylated spirits, with the most terrific results from this wild and wonderful beverage. Since the last Finance Act, Red Biddy and Red Lizzie and their disreputable sisters have been disappearing fast. For there is a clause which says that nothing must be displayed for sale as liquor unless 95 per cent. of the contents have paid duty.

British wines must in no way be confused with the genuine Empire wines which supply a need that definitely exists for the cheap, wholesome article, and also enables the Empire preference system to work with some degree of success. Generally speaking, the Empire wine growers have not attempted to cater for the high-class trade, realizing that they cannot, for example, make Château Yquem in the centre of Australia. Some time ago there was a certain amount of trouble over the designations of these wines as being "ports" or "hocks." The shipper who gave me all these details said that his firm always referred to them as being Empire sweet wines or Empire dessert wines. These wines are sold in prodigious quantities in the public-houses and grocery stores.

In the opinion of Mr. Arthur Towle, who is in control of all the L.M.S. hotels and buys wine for the whole group, the sale of burgundy in the North is still good, though the demand for claret has fallen off lamentably.

"It is obvious," he said, "that cocktails, cigarettes, and jazz bands temporarily killed good eating and good drinking. But it is a good sign that people have now stopped the habit of dancing until after they have finished their dinner. The public is getting slowly more selective both in food and wine. It finds that wine induces a more contented frame of mind, and realizes that there is nothing brutish in fine cooking or fine wines. In the case of champagne, it is my experience that people still drink the label, and it depends merely on how much money they have got as to what brand they will choose. Speaking generally about wine, I am sure that the *bon Dieu* did not intend us to turn corn and rye into drink, but one has any amount of Bible evidence about the virtues of wine. I only hope that the time will never come when wine drinking goes out, and we are left to dope ourselves with spirits."

I do not know how many of you have seen an incredibly mawkish American film at the Empire Theatre in Leicester Square called *The Wet Parade*. But there is at least one point about it worth noting. That is the scene of the factory where bottles are equipped with faked labels and faked corks. In every luxury business there is always bound to be a certain amount of falsification. In the case of hocks and Moselles, dishonest German firms will invent the names of growers to make the faked stuff sound impressive. So it is very fortunate for the British public whose taste has been so vitiated by smoking and cocktails that English wine merchants are nearly all of them honourable.

It is still a "gentleman's" business, just as it was the first trade which gentlemen (I hate the word, but it has no equivalent) were allowed to enter. Of course, there are a few black sheep, but they are discovered in a very short time and lose half their business within the following twenty-four hours. The best possible advice one can give to anyone, however small their intended purchase, is to go to a reputable wine merchant and to trust him entirely. There are so many

(Continued on p. 216)

AT THE

A Remarkable Series of Pict
Ceylon: an Example of wh
Patience and a S

A SOLITARY BULL ELEPHANT DRINKING: When a male elephant takes to a lonely life, he is best avoided. As a rule, they are sociable beasts, and the single ones, particularly bulls, generally live by themselves because no herd will put up with them! All solitary elephants are not, of course, rogues, but there is no great difference in the wild between ill-temper and malice, and the least thing will turn a crusty old hermit of any species into a man-hater

SIX JUNGLE SOWS AND THEIR JOINT FAMILY matters. Sows without boars band themselv themselves and their offspring and will show be killed, her young are adopted by the othe her own. The stripes on the young prove thei though still there, the stripes are almos

A YOUNG SAMBHUR HIND: Sambhur are not gregarious except in high mountain country, and even then groups of more than four are rare. They are more nocturnal of habit than spotted deer and seldom stray into the open before sun-down. Stags are exceptionally shy of showing themselves in daylight save in secluded corners where a camera could not operate

CEYLON SPOTTED DEER: These pretty creatures, technically termed Axi at the shoulder, are perhaps the most gregarious deer in the world. I ling one another. Peculiarly enough, although they are harried by alm snakes, spotted deer are the happiest animals in the jungle. Their ambushed and chased by a leopard—the most feared of jungle bea

"BACHELOR" SOWS: These beasts, probably malformed internally, live to a great age and are seldom found in groups of more than two and never in the company of males. Their ill-temper is phenomenal and their courage so great that, according to jungle-men, even a leopard will give them a wide berth. On one occasion a bachelor sow of only seven months old slew three and seriously wounded five more large cross-bred hounds out of a pack that brought her to bay. She fled no farther, when the men of the hunt came up, than the top of a knoll whence she charged, but was instantly speared

PRETENDING HE IS NOT THERE: Crocodiles have, p creatures. They will crawl, as this specimen is do catching the smallest water fowl. It is a cardinal te reptilian, even a serpentine form of hypnosis on his v from the manner in which he stares fixedly at his beginning his almost

E POOL

Pictures Taken Recently in f what may be Done with a Small Camera

AMILY: Wild pig are extremely sensible in family emselves together for the mutual protection of show a bold front to almost anything. If a sow e others; but, until then, each mother feeds only e their breeding on the plains: in the mountains, almost hidden by longish rough brown hair

A CHAT OVER A DRINK: Ordinary jungle elephants generally have the appearance of being confidential with one another. Either eating, drinking or sleeping their heads are together like old ladies at a tea-party, while on the march their pompous manner gives the impression of one stout, sleepy policeman escorting another to a land of perpetual siesta. Petty damage to property has unhappily provided pretext for the shooting and noosing many innocent beasts

ed Axis Axis Ceylonensis, averaging some twenty-nine in. to thirty-two in. rld. In ordinary circumstances, they are never happy unless almost jost- by almost every carnivore and their young are preyed upon by eagles and Their fear is forgotten in an instant, even if their herd happens to be e beasts in Ceylon—even, indeed, if one of their number falls a victim

JACKAL: "Wherever there's a corpse there will be three jackals" is a true saying of the jungle. They are the greatest cowards imaginable, but they can be brave enough when in overwhelming numbers and their quarry is incapable of effective defence. A pack of jackals once killed a man whose leg had been broken, even though he succeeded in shooting three before he was torn to pieces

ve, perhaps, the most infinite patience of all living is doing, inch by inch down a bank for the sake of nal tenet of the jungle folk that the saurian exerts a his victims and it is a plausible enough theory, judging his quarry, for sometimes an hour at a time, before most imperceptible stalk

A BACHELOR PARTY: Five full-grown and one two-year-old stag. This picture is unique, for the party was solitary, seemingly unconnected with any herd. In ordinary circumstances at least a dozen hinds would accompany so many stags. A possible explanation lies in the fact that spotted deer stags live alone when their horns are in velvet, and the antlers of three of these are in this condition while those of two seem about to fall. The youngster is with them probably for company. Why so many stags should break the "solitary during velvet" rule, even among their own sex, would puzzle a jungle dweller

THE BOXER, HARTKOPF, by Renée Sintenis, in the Lyman-Allyn Museum, New London, Connecticut

PIETA, by Georg Kolbe—a fine piece of modern work in the National Gallery of the Norwegian capital

GERMANY'S TRIBUTE TO ITALIAN MUSIC: A setting for Verdi's Simone Boccanegra at Cologne Opera House this year. The use of light and shade is very typical of modern theatrical treatment, a great deal of which derives its inspiration from Germany and Austria

FIGURE by Peter Jansen, a composition suggesting a translation of the Eugene O'Neill theatrical technique into the realm of pictorial art

PURITY OF OUTLINE characterises Hans Wildermann's setting for the Don Pasquale of Donizetti

IN THE OPERA HOUSE OF COLOGNE: The setting, reminiscent of the "futurist horror" film, *Dr. Caligari*, at the Cologne Opera House for a production of Mullöcker's operetta *Gasparone*

ART ON THE CONTINENT

The General Acceptance of Advanced Ideas in the Fine and Applied Arts

By ROY ELSTON

That crop of shrill *isms* which stirred the artistic world a few years ago and any manifestation of which, even in the serener form of to-day, is still largely suspect in Great Britain, has won its noisy battle on the Continent. "Cubism and Futurism, chopped into minced meat, became that metaphysical German beefsteak, Expressionism"; and the continuance of the mincing process to include a great many other *isms* has evolved a hash much more palatable to the general appetite than the naked ingredients of futurism, abstractavism, dadaism, neo-plasticism, and the rest. With a liberal use of the mustard of common sense and as a result of increasing familiarity with the diet, the Continental peoples are now, for the most part, able to swallow modern art without hurt to their digestions.

It is a curious fact that the influence of the rebels and experimenters of a few years ago was generally felt and accepted in architecture and the applied arts long before the painter—from whom the influence sprang—received any recognition outside his own circles. The futuristic drawings of the Italians Severini and Russolo and the cubism of the German, Feininger, were laughed at when not only Continental propagandists but our own English railway and underground systems were being patted on the back for advertising their services by posters obviously designed on cubist and futurist principles.

The influence of advanced art has not got much farther in England than the poster, and a few timid examples of architecture inspired from Holland. The English have always demanded cosiness in art, and that is much the same kind of thing as sitting in front of a warm fire on a winter's evening, drowsily reading *The Evening Standard* while the cat purrs at your feet. In most English art and architecture one can hear the cat purring. On the Continent, and especially in Germany, Austria, and Holland, modern art tendencies are plainly visible in the street, the office, the home, the village, the church, and, oddest of all, the public galleries. Such tendencies are, perhaps, almost too popular. When an art form has many imitators it is by way of ceasing to be art and becoming convention. That is what is happening to some extent with Continental architecture. Every twopenny-ha'penny builder and draughtsman aspires to reproduce Dudok and the two or three great modern architects of Germany.

What is really remarkable is that the leaders in the advance movements are now publicly recognized and placed in the most influential positions. In Holland, that great architect and innovator, W. M. Dudok, is official architect to the town of Hilversum. In Germany, such experimenters in the art of painting as Carl Hofer (Berlin), Otto Dix (Dresden), Max Beckmann and Willi Baumeister (Frankfort), Kadenski (Dessau), and Paul Klee (Cologne), have been appointed academic professors charged with the task of disseminating principles of art which a few years ago aroused general derision. "The academy, once the petrified embodiment of all that was mediocre in popular taste, is now the *avant-garde* of art, and often in conflict with the same public to whose wishes it once pandered." The same thing is true of Austria, and not only where the fine arts are concerned. Probably the most thriving and influential art organization in that country to-day is the Wiener Werkstätte, where, with exquisite results, the applied arts are subjected to the most advanced tendencies in artistic invention.

The casual visitor to these countries will receive his impressions of modern ideas in art on the Continent chiefly from architecture, commercial advertising, and the shop windows in which are displayed modern furniture, ceramics, silverware, and so on. Unfortunately the shop windows still carry a terrific lot of rubbish, which is not, however, representative of the trend taken by the crafts in common with the arts. If that casual visitor is fortunate enough to be at Amsterdam during the modern exhibition in the Stedelijk Museum, and at Cologne during the remarkable exhibition of modern German art being held there, he will gain, equally, a comprehensive idea of modern tendencies as they affect the Continental painter. The Amsterdam exhibition is not so modern, or rather not so daring in expression, as the exhibition at Cologne. Too many of the Dutch artists are smitten by Van Goghism. Van Gogh can have no successors. His frenzied loveliness cannot influence. It can only inspire.

It is perhaps a good thing that the general public is first familiarized with advanced art through the medium of architecture. It is an inescapable influence, and in countries like Holland, Germany, and Austria, where whole quarters, and sometimes whole towns, are being rebuilt on modern scientific and æsthetic principles, the peoples are confronted almost every day of their lives with art expressions which, as it were, confirm their arguments simply by throwing into relief the dullness and shabbiness of their immediate predecessors. A notable characteristic of the new Continental architecture is its impressive monumental aspect. The spacious, architectonic imagination visible in Poelzig's *Grosse Shauspielhaus*, built for Reinhardt, the rhythm and superb grouping of Dudok's *Raadhuis* at Hilversum, are features no longer confined to large public buildings. By the construction of domestic houses as part of a monumental complex, in which church, shops, assembly hall, and so on are equally an integral part, a general nobility of design becomes possible in spite of the necessity to make each unit low in cost.

On the Continent there is a general rush to live in this kind of house which has been built chiefly to receive middle-class and proletarian families (now hardly distinguishable as two separate classes; for the prophesies of Isaiah and Virgil are coming rapidly to pass, and the bourgeois lion—or lamb—shares the couch of the proletarian lamb—or lion—in economics as in art). And the influence of such houses is seen in the nature of the furnishings and ornaments put into them. The trade in reproduced antiques is practically at an end, and no decent workman will sit down to his soup and potatoes unless his chair has the rigidity and spare lines of steel, and the soup-bowl is at least octagonal!

"We have to accustom ourselves to living out of shape; but I'm hanged if I can get my turnips to grow square!"

Perhaps the influence of such organizations as the Wiener Werkstätte and the Monza School near Milan will one day persuade even the turnip to keep pace with modern ideas. They may then—and then only—be encouraged to attempt the persuasion of English manufacturers and designers.

A branch of art which is, alas, ephemeral, but which on the Continent shows remarkable vigour and intelligence, is the designing of stage-settings. The dramatist in Germany is given not only a scenic background, but what might be called an æsthetic and philosophical background. The designer of the settings is frequently as much concerned to interpret ideas as is the dramatist himself, and since the intellectual outlook of the one may frequently be in conflict with the intellectual outlook of the other, the result is sometimes very confusing to those in the auditorium.

There appear to be two schools of modern theatrical designers, the one seeking a kind of passionate simplicity on the principles of Gordon Craig and Jacques Copeau, and the other striving to be an interpretive, representational art. Alban Berg's *Wozzeck*, perhaps the most startling of modern operas, was recently produced at Cologne with settings of this latter kind. The settings went far beyond the music in dramatic intensity, and one hardly knew which had stimulated most, Alban Berg or the settings

It is unquestionably a fact, however, that the theatre in Germany and Austria has gained enormously as a result of modern ideas in designing. The work of such men as Emil Pirchan at the Berlin State Theatre, Hanz Wildermann at Dortmund, and Strohbach at Cologne, is popularizing modern ideas of theatrical designing throughout the whole Continent, and probably in that direction shall we find a means for the theatre's renascence. For the theatre, above all, must keep step with aesthetic progress; and there is scarcely an audience in Germany

(Continued on p. 216)

THE OLYMPIC GAMES

LIVING QUARTERS FOR THE OLYMPIC ATHLETES: Different types of demonstration houses erected to create "Olympic Village," Los Angeles. The proverbial hospitality of America in general and the West in particular is being experienced at its best by the visitors

MLLE VIRGINIE LEFORT who hopes her great talent for running will bring a title across the seas to La Belle France

ONE OF THE COVES along the eighty-five miles of excellent coast between Long Beach and Santa Monica, Cal., where the yachting events of the Olympiad will be held

TRADITIONAL: A view showing the stadium entrance of Olympia (not Olympus!) where the first Olympic Games were held

On left:
THE ENGLISH SWIMMING TEAM on board the White Star liner, *Majestic, en route* for their ordeal

THE OLYMPIC AUDITORIUM with a seating capacity of 10,400, where the boxing, wrestling, and weight-lifting events will be held. It was built in 1924

A SIGN OF THE TIMES: One of the hundreds of signs nailed to trees throughout Los Angeles by film stars

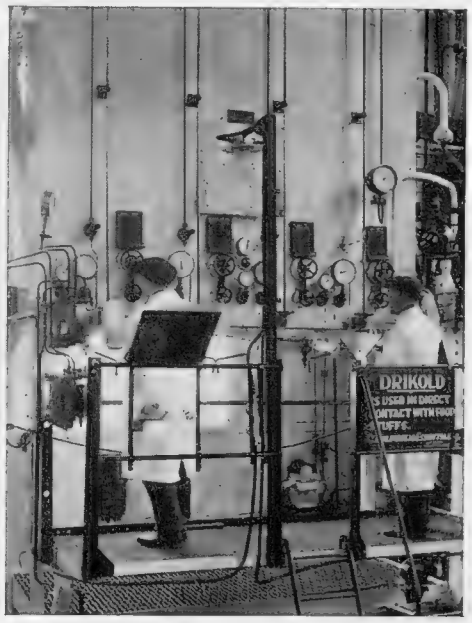
SAWING UP TEMPERATURE! Drikold subjected to the mechanical saw by which it is rendered possible to be handled. Gloves must be worn or acute pain is experienced. The cold produces a "burning" sensation analogous to heat!

HYGIENE: The blocks of Drikold—which are made both in cubic and cylindrical form—are, before they are packed in insulated containers for shipment, wrapped in sheets of clean white paper—an example of the admirably hygienic modern conditions of industry

IN THE BREWING TRADE Drikold performs its function. A Drikold liquefier installation is used by Truman, Hanbury, Buxton & Co., Ltd. It will be noticed that the cylindrical, not the cubic blocks of the "magic" are employed here

ICES ON THE TROLLEY: A varied selection of ice-cream dishes is now wheeled round the Trocadero Restaurant as a convenience to patrons. The contents of the trolley are kept in perfect condition for from four to six hours by means of Drikold

SPECIAL MECHANISM is used to remove a large square block of Drikold from a generator. The mistiness is due to the vapour surrounding the block, owing to the condensation of air in its immediate vicinity



IN OPERATION: A general view of four generators. The instruction reads: "DRIKOLD is used in direct contact with foodstuffs. Cleanliness is essential"

USE IN THE HOME: The Penguin domestic ice-cream conservator packed with Drikold facilitates the making of iced sweets for the private house dinner party

DRIKOLD

A Marvel of Modern Applied Science

Every year we import into this country some £91,000,000 worth of meat. At present 79 per cent. of it comes from non-Empire sources, mainly South America, and only 21 per cent. from the Empire, Australia, and New Zealand. This is one of the trade facts that will have to be faced at the Ottawa Conference, which makes all the more interesting a discovery that has just been made in the Government low temperature research stations at Cambridge and Aberdeen.

For some time past, solid carbon dioxide, which has a temperature equal to 144 deg. of frost, and is known as "drikold," has been used for various purposes. It has been used extensively as a refrigerant in the ice-cream trade, for the transport of fish and foodstuffs, and as an aerator for mineral waters. Now the low-temperature experts in the Government laboratories have made discoveries that may open up an enormous field for the use of Drikold. Using cold storage chambers similar to those in ships and railway containers, the scientists have proved conclusively that carcases of meat or fish can be kept absolutely fresh for long periods in chambers in which the atmospere is maintained at very low temperatures, and is rendered inert by the use of solid carbon dioxide.

If this process can be carried successfully beyond the laboratory stage and applied to ships' storage chambers and road and rail transport containers, it will mean a revolution in food preservation. Meat that is frozen deteriorates in quality and flavour appreciably as does chilled meat to a lesser degree. Nor is fish that has been kept on ice so good as that which is fresh caught. But the new Drikold process prevents all bacteriological deterioration and keeps fish and meat in perfect condition as if freshly killed. Under present conditions the beef, mutton, and lamb imported into Britain from Australia and New Zealand has to be frozen, while meat from the Argentine with the shorter sea journey is chilled. The result is that the consuming public prefers South American beef to Empire beef because of its better flavour. This is one of the reasons why less than a quarter of our imported meat comes from Empire sources.

If, however, the new process is practical on a big scale, Australia would be on the same footing as the Argentine is now, and both continents would be able to send us absolutely fresh meat! If the handicap of "frozen" is removed, and if Empire trade agreements come as a result of the Ottawa Conference, the Australasian producers should be able to win a far greater share of Britain's meat imports. The Dominions can produce just as good, if not better, beef than the Argentine, and it should not be difficult to make the British public realize this fact.

There are also enormous economic possibilities in the application of the new process to the fishing industry. At present the only real fresh fish sold in Britain comes from the trawlers and drifters that fish along the coasts and in the North Sea. The greater part of our fish comes from grounds off Iceland, Bear Island, and Spitzbergen, some of them over 2,000 miles away and well within the Arctic Circle. The fish from these grounds has to be packed in ice and brine frozen, thus losing part of its flavour, and disposed of quickly on landing. Trawlers fitted with the new carbon dioxide process could bring back their fish from the Arctic in freshly-caught condition, but they would also be able to fish South as well as North. The immensely rich fishing grounds off the Equator would be open to them, and the men of Hull and Grimsby would be able to change the icy wind of Bear Island for the blazing sun of the Bermudas and the Guinea Coast, bringing back their fish as fresh as the day they caught it.

The new process also might solve the eternal problem of the glut. Time and time again fine catches are sold at knockout prices because there is too much fish on the market. Similarly, in periods of bad weather, there is often a scarcity of fish. With Drikold storage chambers at the fish markets, it would be possible to regulate the supply of fresh fish, ensuring better prices for the producers and more regular supplies and prices for the public. To-day the glut is the fishermen's nightmare, and often they have the bitter experience of seeing their catches sold to fertilizer factories for want of other buyers. If the Drikold process can be used in trawlers it may prove to be the salvation of our fishing industry.

J. B. W.

IN THE OPEN

THE MEDALLIST: Miss Beryl Laverick of Blackheath, aged twelve, who was awarded, by Mme Genée, the Adeline Genée Gold Medal for solo dancing in the competition at the Rudolf Steiner Hall. She has been selected to appear at the Gala Performance at the Copenhagen Opera House

LADIES OF THE SAWDUST RING: Two of the Millimeter Girls on tour with the Bertram Mills Circus. The picture was taken at Edinburgh. Between scenes or shows, a variety of interests and pastimes engrosses the performers. There are rehearsals, sewing, reading, cooking, knitting, visiting friends. The heavy woollen dressing-gowns in which the costumes are draped are very typical

THE JUNGLE GYM: School children attending the Headington, Oxon, Open Air School, are strengthened not only by the open air, but by the special exercises conducted also alfresco

PATIENCE: Not "on a monument smiling at grief," but on the river bank hoping for fish! A member of the Twickenham Piscatorial Society turned out well prepared on the first Sunday of the Angling Season, to fish in a private lake at Bedfont, near Staines

PLAYS :

The Theatrical Slump is a Cliché and r Films Under T

By PHILIP

THE TURN OF THE TIDE: Daly's, for forty years the home of musical comedy, has now gone over to non-stop variety under the direction of Mr. Louis J. Seymour who, some years ago, was a musical comedy star of note and is now a property owner in the West End. This team of sixteen dancers is a permanent feature of the programme

As I write the following theatres in Central London are closed: the Adelphi, Globe, Shaftesbury, Haymarket, St. James's, Vaudeville, Prince Edward, Prince's, Piccadilly, Lyceum, Fortune, Duchess, Ambassadors', Gaiety, Comedy, Wyndham's, Court, and Covent Garden.

That, I grant, looks formidable. People who delight, apparently, in declaring that all is wrong with the theatre, that nothing, in fact, can ever be right with it, hail this long list triumphantly as a proof that the game is over. We are, it is declared, now at the end of theatregoing as it has been known for generations! The cinemas are to have it all their own way! No one will dress to go to the theatre and no price will exceed 5s. Such few plays as remain will be "continuous," supported by a handful of diehards who can drop in at any time between 2 p.m. and midnight. The theatrical manager, as he has been known for good or ill for some centuries, is to disappear altogether, and with him, of course, the dramatist.

It is not specified what Mr. Frederick Lonsdale, Mr. Noel Coward, Mr. John van Druten, Mr. Somerset Maugham, Mr. Edward Knoblock, and their less eminent colleagues will do; presumably they will write for the films. Perhaps, also, they will turn out for the aforementioned diehards plays constructed peculiarly and in such a way that it does not matter in which order the acts are seen.

That will demand some ingenuity and may be considered the parallel to a canon in music or to those strangely obliging themes which one can start at the beginning or at the end with similar effect.

Not for one moment do I believe that such a prospect is other than a ludicrous nightmare. Those whom a score or so of closed theatres, the presence of August, and the temporary absence of the prospect of a crop of first nights have sent into such a panic, have short memories. Perhaps a more precise way of putting it would be to say that they are scarcely old enough to have developed memories at all.

Twenty years ago the number of London theatres closed during August was certainly less, for the total number of theatres was less. On the other hand, far fewer were open in the holiday season. Anyone who is sufficiently interested to turn up some early Edwardian newspaper files—not, after all, such a terrifyingly distant period—will find that it was no uncommon thing for the Londoner, or visitor to London, to have in August not more than half a dozen attractions from which to choose. There are now twenty-one plays running within a short walk of Piccadilly Circus. It would be a euphemism to describe all of them as "attractions." But there they are, and most of them, at any rate, are worth a visit.

That is to say, of the thirty-nine West End theatres eighteen are closed and twenty-one are open. Again I must make the reservation that the balance may have shifted by the time these lines leave the printers, but my point remains materially the same, i.e. that the so-called theatrical "doldrums" which are plunging certain authorities—equally so-called—into profound gloom are a perfectly natural development.

A slack season has always existed at this period of the year. This year, although there is a striking lack of new productions for the *immediate* future, it is less slack than it used to be. And there are at least three times the number of theatres open (in the traditional but eminently sane fashion of starting at 8.30 or so and ending at 11) than there were in the days when the theatre had no such rivals as the cinema, cheap motor-bikes, daylight saving, the Lansbury Lido, the wireless, road-houses, beach pyjamas, and yo-yo.

Why, too, this depressing implication that the theatres now shut are shut for ever? I do not intend to give a tedious chronicle of the future plans of each one of them. But few, if any, are without plans at all.

The Adelphi will reopen with Noel Coward's new revue, *Words and Music*, for which the stalls will cost more than five bob, and not a few of their occupants will wear evening dress. The Shaftesbury has in readiness a new Ian Hay play under Mr. Basil Foster's management. Miss Marie Tempest is to go to the Haymarket in a new comedy, and Sir Gerald du Maurier and Miss Gertrude Lawrence will be seen at the St. James's in a new piece by Mr. van Druten, and yet again they are going to revive *The Merry Widow*, who will take the place of the merry nun in the de-cathedralised Lyceum.

So much for looking forward. Looking back on past productions of the year—for August makes as good a break as any, and the theatrical year does not start on January 1—there have been individual performances of great significance.

I am, indeed, of opinion that, speaking generally, such performances have been on a much higher level than that reached by the plays. In the case of the latter length of run has, with the exception of *Musical Chairs* at the Criterion (a brilliant first play), had little relation to intrinsic merit, and has, in fact, frequently been in inverse ratio to it.

In the front rank I would place poor Dennis Neilson-Terry's fine performance in *Fear*. Mr. Henry Ainley's Angel in *Tobias and the Angel* was a superbly poetic piece of work, tinged with dignified humour—the only type of humour permissible in an angel. Mr. Ernest Milton's Shylock was as superb as his Othello was disappointing.

Miss Edith Evans in *Evensong* shows us what can only be described as a modern masterpiece; she shines in a mediocre play just as Sarah Bernhardt shone in the clap-trap of Sardou. A delicate piece of burlesque is that of Miss Lilian Braithwaite in *Party*. Mr. Cedric Hardwicke possibly did not find the ancient mariner in *Heart-Break House*, a very difficult task; but in this admirable actor's hands it was perfection.

I would not care to vouch for its historical accuracy but Miss Anny Ahlers' portrait of Madame Dubarry at His Majesty's is a magnificently vivid thing. London has taken to its heart this star from Germany, who can sing and act and make full use of an abundant, and abundantly pleasant, personality. Another fine musical comedy performance is that of Mlle Delysia in *The Cat and the Fiddle*—subtle, restrained and charming. Mr. George Robey showed in *Helen* that he can be as robustly amusing as ever, undaunted by classic robes.

The best acting in *The Miracle* came, to my mind, from Mr. Lyn Harding, as the old king. And never shall I forget Miss Flora Robson as the hapless Mary Patterson in *The Anatomist*. The peak of riotously amusing absurdity was reached by Mr. George Jackley and Messrs. Naughton and Gold in the

Howard Coster

MISS LEONORA CORBETT in a seventeenth century Spanish dress designed by Motley, whose costumes in the Arts Theatre Club production, "Richard of Bordeaux," were quite enchanting

A QUESTION OF "CHAISE" ME! Mr. Melville Cooper and Miss Rita Page in an amusing scene in the farce-comedy by Stafford Dickens, "Intimate Relations" at the Little Theatre

FRÄULEIN MARIANNE WINKELSTERN whose terpsichorean ability is one of the high lights in the spectacular production of *Casanova* at the Coliseum

not a Fact: Forthcoming Events: A Review of the Year: Theatrical Criticism

PAGE

Lyceum pantomime. I make the perfectly serious suggestion to Mr. Sydney Carroll that in the unlikely event of his delicious revival of *Twelfth Night* at the New ever ceasing to attract he should revive *A Midsummer Night's Dream* with Mr. Jackley as "Bottom."

The worst play of the year? *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.* But all pompous tags were meant to be broken (particularly Latin ones). So I say unhesitatingly, *Caravan* at the Queen's. And masterpiece is not the term I would conscientiously apply to *Punchinello* at the Globe, next door.

When I see some film or other being extensively and expensively advertised as being in its "third smashing week" I think of the number of plays which celebrate a third month (even a third year has been known) without making a song and dance about it. Since it is said that every firm in Hollywood, with one exception, is either bankrupt or on the verge of bankruptcy, the word "smash" has in the film trade only too appropriate a significance.

The film version of the van Druten play, *London Wall*, is not Hollywood but British. It is not smashing in any sense, laudatory or sinister. Not a bad entertainment in its way; it is, however, to be recommended mainly to those who did not see the original play, from which it differs to an irritating and wholly unnecessary extent.

Do the producers of film-versions imagine that film audiences are feeble-minded and expect, therefore, every "i" to be dotted and every "t" crossed for them, with over emphasis popped in at every possible point? Or is it the theatre audiences which they consider half-wits and feel on that account impelled to alter almost unrecognizably for cinema purposes any play on which theatre audiences have set their approval?

Obviously they must hold one or other of these two theories. *London Wall* was a big success as a play. The film people have twisted it to bits. *The First Mrs. Frazer* was an even bigger success. The film people blasted it to smithereens and erected a cabaret horror in its place.

I wish I knew what the Notables of the film-world really do think on this question which is surely an extremely important one, and I beg that one of them will one of these days dictate from his chair (with his name painted on the back of it) a letter which would enlighten me. Like Rosa Dartle, I only ask for information.

A DELICIOUS BURLESQUE: Miss Kathlyn Hilliard, Mr. Trefor Jones, and Mr. Gavin Gordon in a scene from *The Pride of the Regiment*, the satirical *opéra comique* at the St. Martin's. Mr. Gordon's performance as the villain of the piece (Captain Rudolph de Vavasour) is a joy: he steals documents right and left, and is thoroughly villainous

MLLE ALICIA ALANOVA, the British-Russian ballerina, who created a distinct sensation both in London and Paris with her dancing recitals. She has both natural fire and excellent technique

With *London Wall* at the Regal is *Black Diamonds*. This film, which has propaganda written all over it, is produced by miners and with miners. But not solely *for* miners. Its entertainment value is not great and technically it leaves much to be desired. There is more drama outside the film than in it, for it was made by Charles Hanmer, an Englishman, who worked in a mine as a child and has spent the greater part of his life hewing coal underground. So when I say that there are in this film technical deficiencies I allude to film technique and not to mining technique, for I have never been in a coal mine in my life and criticism on this aspect must be dumb.

Yet, in spite of those deficiencies, *Black Diamonds* is curiously arresting. Although Mr. Hanmer's main object has been, I imagine, to show how he and his fellows work, this is no mere "educational film" of the floating-logs-down-the-great-Canadian-rivers or a-day-in-the-rice-fields type. The fact that it is naïve and amateurish gives it strength. I understand that professional help was called in only for the necessary cutting and that some miners are among the many who contributed small sums apiece to make the production possible. I hope they get their money back. It will not have been entirely wasted if they do not.

If the members of the film-trade are to be considered good and sufficient representatives of America, that nation must surely be suffering from a novel form of exhibitionism. Having achieved a wide reputation for being extremely wicked, America appears to delight in using the greatest publicity medium to its fullest extent in order to display herself and her wickedness to the whole world. Perhaps the process gives yet another thrill. More probably the argument is that the wickedness is there and cannot be cured anyway, so someone might just as well make some money out of it.

Only on some such lines as these can the habit be explained of launching from America film after film depicting realistically the presence in her midst of gangsters, bootleggers, drunkards, graft, police-corruption, sadism and, heaven-or-hell-knows what else.

Disorderly Conduct shows us that so appallingly dishonest is the American police force that if, peradventure, there be one honest man found in it, things will go pretty hard for him if he attempts either to remain straight himself, which is noble, or to make his fellow-policemen straight, which is nobler still—and less trouble.

In this film at the New Gallery one finds Mr. Spencer Tracey and Miss Sally Eilers working tremendously hard, and not without effect, in an atmosphere which is so familiar in its sordidness that the thrills it might otherwise have afforded seem somewhat tame.

FRÄULEIN SOFFI SCHONNING, who plays the prima donna in *Casanova*, the Charell-cum-Stoll spectacle at the Coliseum, which is a great success

The Wet Parade at the Empire I found a glorious muddle. Here, of course, the trouble is not graft but booze.

The film has been labelled "propaganda." Propaganda for, or against, what? I would challenge the most analytical minds on both sides of the Atlantic to discover from this production whether it is a beneficial or a damnable thing for alcoholic liquor to be sold in any country. I should like to follow the varying emotions chasing each other across the face of Lady Astor while she watched this film!

It is historical, for it goes back to the good (or bad?) old days in the States when the saloons flourished. One is shown the evil drink wrought then and how it transformed decent people into madmen and murderers. Prohibition comes, with its bootleggers and snoopers and its taking-for-a-ride and general slaying and crooked beastliness. The melodrama which is added to a vivid picture of America as she is at present in relation to the Prohibition question hardly helps matters. It merely adds to the general silliness.

The efficiency, however, of the actual film, apart from the lesson it strives so utterly ineffectually to teach, is considerable. It is in the best Metro-Goldwyn manner, and no expense spared.

A huge cast of highly-paid favourites includes Mr. Walter Huston, Mr. "Schnozzle" Durante, Miss Dorothy Jordan (who is not built for the "strong" drama demanded of her here), Miss Myrna Loy (a platinum blonde *par excellence*) and Mr. Neil Hamilton.

At the end of this very long, very costly, and very ingenuous film I was conscious of being impressed by one fact only—that I needed a whisky-and-soda.

A PIQUANT SITUATION in "Intimate Relations," the improbable but amusing farce at the Little Theatre. Miss Sylvia Leslie, Miss Rita Page, and Mr. Melville Cooper are seen above from left to right

BOOKS:

The Concierge Ubiquitous in Paris Life, Non-existent in Paris Letters: Anonymity that does not Deceive: "Sucking Souls": A Fair and Unbiased (and hence inconclusive) Book on Ireland: The Mediterranean

By CECIL ROBERTS

When reading French novels, I am always struck by the absence of any reference to one of the most notable aspects of life in a French town. No French family is free from the espionage of the concierge. Here in Paris, I write this article from the balcony of a flat on the quai d'Auteuil. It commands a magnificent vista of the city. Below me is the sweep of the Seine, with the Pont Mirabeau and three other bridges spanning the river as I look towards the Eiffel Tower which stands astride Paris. Down the Seine lies the Pont d' Auteuil, in shape like a Roman aqueduct, but in the evening, when the light fades from the heights of St. Cloud beyond it recalls the Ponte Vecchia at Florence, and St. Cloud becomes the slopes of Fiesole.

The Parisians are discovering the beauty of this sweep of the river as it curves towards St. Cloud and Suresnes. Along the quai de Passy and the quai d'Auteuil huge apartment houses are growing up. They are extremely modern in architecture, and they remind me more of the new quarters of Berlin than of Paris, with their window-slits in ponderous façades of masonry. The Germans cacophonously term these forbidding apartment houses *mietskasernes*, which I cannot resist translating into "meat-safes." But the German apartment house, it seems to me, and German life are not in the grip of the concierge. You cannot enter a French home without running the gauntlet of these gossip-ridden ghouls who keep the portals on the *rez-de-chaussée*. You ring a bell and are admitted into a small hall on one side of which there is a more or less dark cavern through whose windows you are observed. If you are known you are permitted to proceed to the lift with its twin flapping doors, its melancholy whine, and diffident ascent to your skyey domain.

I do not know where concierges are born, but they are always true to type—they are untidily young or dirtily old; a reproachful young woman restrains her infants from spilling over into the hall, or an old crone crawls about in spidery gloom. Young or old, their attitude expresses deep resentment of your intrusion. If you are an inmate they regard you with the mute, disapproving manner of one who knows you are behind with your rent, or have trouble with your mother-in-law. No detail of your private life, whether in regard to the greengrocer you patronize or the wife you beat, goes unobserved and commented upon by this Cerberus of the gate.

It follows, then, that the concierge is a considerable influence in French life. There is no inquisition to compare with this, not even that of the income-tax inspector. On taking up residence in a French apartment, you placate the customary resentment of the concierge by an initial gift of money, and from time to time you renew this *douceur* in order to make your life tolerable.

I find little of all this in French literature. M. André Maurois has just published a new novel called *The Family Circle* (Cassell. 7s. 6d.), but there is no concierge in it. The love story of Denise and Edmond proceeds without any reference to the watchful myrmidon who must have inhabited the *rez-de-chaussée* in the house whose windows looked on to the Parc Monceau, one of the most charming little parks of Paris. Here is a very delightful story of French family life which moves from Normandy to Paris, from a lover to a husband, from a husband to a lover, and then safely back into the family circle. But what did the concierge, who saw all (for the bell had to be rung to admit the lover, and the bell had to be rung again to let him out), think of all this? There is not a word, not an acknowledgment of the unsleeping guardian of the door.

Unsleeping! There lies, perhaps, the reason of the dull-eyed despair that faces one in the vestibule. At any hour of the day or night you must ring for admission, and in the midst of the deepest sleep your demand for admittance rings out near the pillow of the concierge who stirs, perhaps five minutes later, and touches a button by the bed that allows you to enter. Sleep, therefore, is at the mercy of the habits of twenty families living in the building.

What is the use of the concierge? No Frenchman has ever answered my questions satisfactorily. He will not fetch you a taxi. He will not give you any information. He allowed me to mount to the fifth floor to call on Madame Dupont, knowing quite well that Madame and her family were all at the sea for a month. When I came down again, after waiting and ringing for five minutes at the door of Madame's *appartement*, the concierge said nothing, but in answer to my question shook his head. It is his duty to know nothing, it is his passion to learn everything. Nothing can destroy him. He is a French tradition and no French architect, not even the most modern, has dared to design a block of flats that dispenses with him. Only the French author dares to ignore him—in his novels.

But I must beg M. Maurois' pardon. He has mentioned the concierge once in his delightful novel and something of his own opinion seems daringly expressed. Strange, but the morning before I read this I, too, was in the Avenue Hoche just after it had been raining—yet somehow I missed the slugs. "She turned into the Avenue Hoche, where the concierges, now the rain had stopped, were coming out on the wet pavements like slugs on the footpaths in the woods." I marvelled at the courage of this, and I fear for M. Maurois. The next time he dines with me I shall insist on his leaving early, otherwise, reaching home, he may ring and ring and ring . . . .

MR. FRED ANDREAS, author of *The Theatre Crime*, a fascinating book published by Bles, which combines a genre study of the theatrical life of Germany with a detective tale much above the average

The author of *A Lawyer's Notebooks* (Secker. 5s.) has chosen to remain anonymous, but it will deceive no one who is aware of and has rejoiced in one of the brightest, untrammelled intellects of our day, and a robust spirit that zealously guards its independence and makes an untiring crusade against the filchers of our liberty. I began this entrancing collection of frank avowals and shrewd thrusts on a cross-Channel journey and from the first page, opened in London, to the last, finished in Paris, I experienced nothing except that mild excitement and delight evoked by the play of a Voltairian mind upon the follies of mankind.

"The performance of any natural process inside the Old Bailey except eating and breathing would certainly cause a breach of the peace and therefore police intervention," writes the author, who never fails to raise a lance for our vanished liberty. With the background of Eton and Balliol, he has seen an age of grace, known days when Rupert Brooke and Edward Thomas talked in his garden, when "an elderly lady would arrive in a state of great agitation and mention that her daughter had been drugged by chloroform, as a result of which she had become pregnant." He declares sturdily "the bureaucrat is the cancer-cell of the nation" and exposes the nonsense about the strong silent man—"it is only part of the general tendency to praise ourselves for our defects, *e.g.*, the deification of the corpulent stupidity in the figure of John Bull."

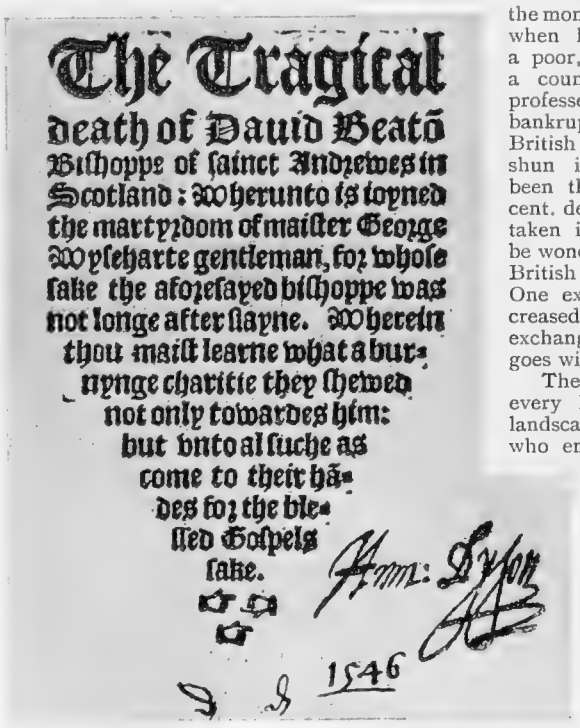
It is an advanced sturdy spirit that emerges from these jottings. Good food, good wine, good conversation, all play their part in a life that has always experienced an insatiable curiosity and firm independence. The gift of friendship is here also, and the unorthodox view encounters within the pages of this book no freezing, reticence, or conventional condemnation. Having for long enjoyed the confidence of distinguished contemporaries the author of this book is equally happy in the affection and trust of the bright young minds that turn from their radiant if irregular orbits into that Chancery Lane oyster shop where much wisdom has been imparted, and much shell-fish consumed. Well, they know that "even a solicitor may be as well informed and well educated in his obscure way as the popular novelist." I should not have regarded as "obscure" the way of the possessor of four initials that have become, in the Press of our day, guide-posts on the march to liberty. And if you are at all curious about those initials buy this most enjoyable *pot-pourri* and unmask its author on page 162, wherein one "Scomo," says a Collect for the occupants of 9, New Square.

With the best will in the world I cannot make head or tail of *Philip Glenn*, by Max Mohr (Sidgwick and Jackson. 7s. 6d.). I find it quite unreadable, both for its ideas as well as its style. Its complete obscurity seems to have impressed the Book Society, which recommends it, and there is certainly no fear that this book can ever be popular. It is suggested, since the novel is dedicated to the memory of D. H. Lawrence, that it shows his influence, but in whatever toils of psychology he enmeshed himself Lawrence was never obscure, and would never have been guilty of ridiculous sentences such as occur here—"We shall pyscho-analyse him on the spot and deduce his extraordinary mountaineering feat from some extraordinary sexual kink or some other obscenity." Such a sentence sounds like the desperate originality of an undergraduate who has just discovered Freud. The theme of the story is as incoherent as its language. Philip Glenn never comes to life. I cannot find any significance in a speech between lovers which ends with—"We must promise each other something very important." "What is it?" "We won't brush our teeth tonight." However, I have no doubt there will be some who will find this quite significant; to me it suggests tooth paste more than psychology. "Thus the soul of one who lusts for glory sucks at the artificial nipple of human life." "Sucking souls and artificial nipples" might make a good sub-title for this book.

Lord Midleton has been very timely in his book on *Ireland: Dupe or Heroine* (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), but he does not really answer the riddle he propounds, perhaps because he finds the subject so baffling. His wide experience of Ireland gives him the ability to see both sides, with the result that he cannot reach a clear verdict. It would appear that neither party can claim acquittal. One wonders what would have been the course of recent history if Lord Midleton had accepted the office of Viceroy. Balfour succeeded when all prophesied failure. Lord Midleton has encountered the vindictive nationalism of De Valera in negotiation. Could he have steered him into a less disastrous channel than the present one in which his ship of State is being driven? Clearly, Lord Midleton regards the dismissal of Cosgrave as a calamity.

The disastrous financial plight into which the reckless generosity of our politicians has plunged us is brought home to the traveller the moment he crosses the Channel, when he discovers the pound is a poor, discredited token, even in a country like Germany, which professes to be on the verge of bankruptcy. As for France, the British traveller will do well to shun it, for my experience has been that life is quite fifty per cent. dearer when the exchange is taken into account. It is not to be wondered at that the cruise on British ships has leapt into favour. One experiences none of the increased expense due to a fallen exchange, nor the humiliation that goes with this downfall.

The Mediterranean sea offers every known beauty of climate, landscape, art, and history. Those who embark on this cruise could not do better than arm themselves with *The Mediterranean*, by Allan and Hyamson (Methuen. 6s.), the latest addition to the Little Guides series. It is most admirably illustrated with thirty-one plates and two maps. It covers the western and eastern Mediterranean, from Gibraltar to Constantinople and Jerusalem. The information is brief but essential, with some surprising details, such as that mayonnaise was the invention of the Duc de Crillon's servant at the siege of Mahon, Minorca, in 1782. But the authors are wrong in saying Valoria is the capital of Albania; it is Tirana.



"ANE EXCEEDING SCARCE BOOK": This phrase is written on the fly-leaf of *The Tragical Death of David Beato* (Cardinal Beaton), *Bishoppe of Sainct Andrewes in Scotland; Whereunto is Joined the martyrdom of Maister George Wyscharte, Gentleman*, compiled by Sir David Lyndsaye—a book ascribed to 1546. This volume was sold for £445 at Hodgsons a few days ago. A member of a firm of auctioneers was looking through some waste books and found a few that he thought might be of interest. These he sent along to Hodgsons who picked out the Cardinal Beaton book and included it in their sale.

FILMS

MISS BRIGETTE HELM, who jumped into fame with her performance in *Metropolis* and has since added to her laurels in other productions, will, it is announced, make her next picture in Britain

IN *WEDDING REHEARSAL*: Miss Merle Oberon and Mr. Roland Young in a moment from the new London Film Production picture. Mr. George Grossmith, Mr. John Loder, Mr. Maurice Evans and Lady Tree are in the cast

THE AWKWARD FRUIT: Two players discover the ways of *High Society*, especially with regard to asparagus, a little difficult in the Warner Brothers' film of that name

MISS JOAN GARDNER who, Mr. Alexander Korda prophesies, is destined for the heights of stardom

HIGH SOCIETY: Mr. William Austin and Miss Emily Fitzroy in the comedy now under production at the Warner Brothers' studio at Teddington

A SCENE FROM *SHOPWORN*: Miss Barbara Stanwych in the episode at the beginning of the picture—the death of her father in a mine disaster—which sets the story in motion

THE WELCOME: Miss Tallulah Bankhead welcomes to Hollywood Mr. Barry Winton, who is playing with her in *Devil and the Deep*

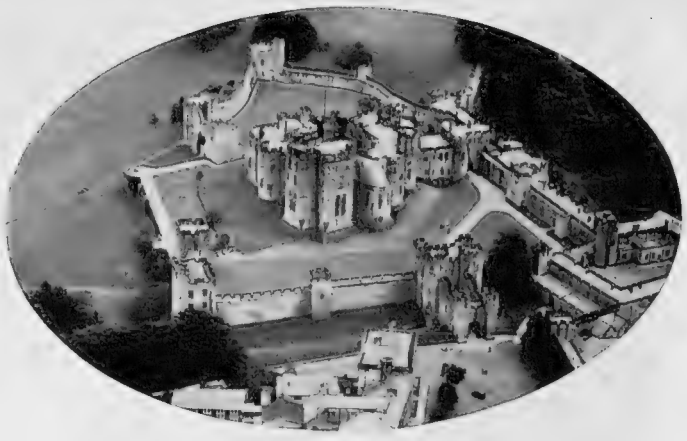
"*MERRILY WE GO TO ——*": Miss Dorothy Arzner, the woman director of Paramount, is seen with Mr. Frederic March and Miss Sylvia Sydney, the stars of the picture; Mr. March is seen in close-up in the centre; while on right he is seen with Miss Esther Howland

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

CASTLES FROM THE AIR

By F. G. BAILEY

IN THE WEST COUNTRY: Caldicot Castle, not far from the great keep of Chepstow



IN THE NORTH COUNTRY: Alnwick Castle in all its impressive majesty

Great Britain possesses some of the finest historic castles to be seen in the world. These famous landmarks are still to be found in a good state of preservation, taking into account that they are hundreds of years old.

These old English castles make a special appeal to tourists from all over the world and one should not fail to visit these wonderful old ruins when making a tour of England's beauty spots and historic places of interest.

To write on all would absorb pages of print. The writer has therefore made a selection.

Warwick Castle.—This castle dominates the town of Warwick, which has grown up beneath its walls in much the same way as its lords dominated English history. For centuries the name of the Earls of Warwick has been a synonym for almost unlimited power. Right through the early Middle Ages they owned more than half of England and wielded a power far greater than that of the nominal kings, whom they could make—or unmake—at will. It was only to be expected that such powerful barons would build themselves a home of princely splendour, and Warwick Castle as it is to-day emphasizes and drives home a realization of their pomp, pride, and supremacy.

IN THE ISLE OF ANGLESEY: Beaumaris Castle with its keep, used as tennis courts

Kenilworth Castle.—Romantic Kenilworth also recalls the pathetic figure of the second Edward, for here it was that he fell swooning to the ground when the sentence of his deposition was read to him; but the name sooner evokes more honourable and courtly memories. The castle stands, red and rugged, in the heart of a beautiful typically English landscape, which was probably covered by dense forest when the lordship was granted to Geoffrey de Clinton, chamberlain to Henry I. His son, another Geoffrey, who died about 1180, is the reputed builder of this stronghold. John, that wandering monarch, came often to Kenilworth, which he held tenaciously, notwithstanding his pledge to surrender it to the barons as a guarantee of his faithful performance of his promises at Runnymede.

Alnwick Castle.—This castle was the seat of a family even more conspicuous in our annals than the famous Howards. This great fortress, now palace within and castle without, was founded by Eustace Fitzjohn, the husband of the heiress of the De Vescis in 1150 or thereabouts. Twenty-four years later, before its new-built walls, occurred the capture of William the Lion, to which allusion has more than once been made in various books on the subject. The detested Odinel de Umfraville having eluded him at Prudhoe, the gallant King of Scots sat down before Alnwick, while his army, in scattered detachments, ravaged the countryside. De Umfraville, Bernard de Balliol, and other northern barons meanwhile collected a strong force at Newcastle.

Dudley Castle.—This great castle which dominates the populous town of Dudley dates from Domesday, and the greatest part of it is of Norman work, with additions made in 1533, and repairs made in 1779 and the present day. The splendid ruins of this huge castle crown a hill above the town, in over 72 acres of glorious grounds, which have been thrown open to the public.

Bamburgh Castle.—No traveller along the Great North Road between Alnwick and Berwick can fail to be struck with an object so boldly prominent as Bamburgh Castle. Far and wide it meets the vision. Its base is almost a perpendicular mass of basaltic rock overlooking the sea at a height of 150 ft. Founded in 547 and named after Queen Bebba, wife of the Flame Bearer, it suffered many a siege at the hands of the Danes in 933. In the years following it was constantly being rebuilt and as constantly stormed and broken again. In 1894 it was acquired by the late Lord Armstrong, who spent a large sum of money in its restoration.

Harlech Castle.—A castle worthy of note in Wales is the romantic castle of Harlech in North Wales—its history is as noble as its legends are charming. The great castle is perched on an imposing cliff and the ancient village straggles picturesquely along a terrace 200 ft. or more above the sea shore.

Aberystwyth Castle.—Aberystwyth itself is invested with the dignity which only the consciousness of an historic past can give a town. Although the town is modern and progressive, it cherishes the slight relics of its once-powerful castle, and is justly proud of the part it has played in the affairs of the nation. The Borough charter dates from 1279, and the castle ruins from 1210, but there are traces of earlier castles on the site and doubtless a village clustered round their walls. To-day, Aberystwyth not only holds supremacy among Welsh seaside resorts, but also is one of the chief centres of learning in the Principality.

Caldicot Castle.—This castle is situated in the coast zone, in the absolute flat of the marshy "Caldicot Level," only two miles from the sea. Though much pulled about, and at present inhabitable only in one section, it shows its history in its architecture. It is in essence a "motte and bailey" castle of the time of Henry I, whose bailey-enclosure has been turned into a very large ward by the substitution of stone walls for the original palisading.

Beaumaris Castle.—No visitor should miss seeing this castle when taking a trip to North Wales. It covers a large extent, but is not of great height. It is now under the care of H.M. Office of Works. There is an outer wall with ten low towers, and an advanced work called the Gunners' Walk. On the outside of its walls are rings for mooring the vessels that came up to it by a marine canal. The main structure is nearly quadrangular in form, with a large round tower at each angle. The banqueting hall, the state rooms, the domestic apartments, and a small chapel reached by a wooden ladder near the site of the old racquet court may all be distinctly traced.

The castle was built by Edward I, who then changed the name of the place from Bonover to Beaumaris, a French word descriptive of its pleasant situation on low ground. The grounds are tastefully laid out and contain tennis courts.

AACHEN, THE RHENISH SPA FOR RHEUMATISM

Aachen, known to the Romans as a spa on account of its sulphur springs, was the focal point of European history at the time of Charlemagne. The first Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire ruled the Occidental world from here. He built here his splendid palace on whose foundations have risen the Town Hall and the Imperial Chapel. Aachen has an international reputation for curing gout, rheumatism, and nervous diseases. The spa establishment, laid out in war time, satisfies the most fastidious taste. A row of hotels, at whose peak stands the Quellenhof, give comfortable and cheap holidays. Entertainment is fully catered for.

A STRONGHOLD OF NORTH WALES: Harlech Castle fronting on the sea

A GLORY OF WORCESTERSHIRE: The majestic keep of Dudley Castle

PROVINCIAL

NOT "HATFIELD" BUT LUTON! Not only has the "boater" given signs of renascence under the impetus of the Princes, and possibly of M. Chevalier, but the Panama is on the up-tack as well, as this field of 5,000 of them all drying in the sun, in the environs of Luton, the City of the Straw, eloquently testifies

THE STAGE AND SCREEN AERO CLUB—the flying club of the theatrical and screen professions—was inaugurated at the G.H.Q., Hatfield Aerodrome, a few days ago with a garden party, a glimpse of which appears above

AN UNDERGROUND THEATRE: Hidden under the cliffs at Porth, near Newquay, is the strangest theatre in the world. Built into the cliffs, it has an entrance so small that patrons must needs crawl into it. Owing to the tides only about six concerts a year can be given in the cave which holds a thousand people

ALL IS "WELL" in Butleigh, near Glastonbury, the inhabitants of which have refused a water supply, preferring to stick to the three deep wells which, even in the driest summer, have served them from time immemorial

ONE-HORSE POWER! Ancient methods still persist in Britain, although they are becoming rarer day by day. At Brook Brickyard, Godalming, however, conservatism is seen at its most intense, for there bricks are still made by hand. The clay used for this purpose is ground in an old-time pugmill, worked by one horse who patiently works his everlasting circle every day

SWANS—BUT NO UGLY DUCKLINGS! Flower-sellers at the Old English Fayre held in the grounds of the Bristol Zoo, make friends with the graceful creatures

WOMEN'S INTEREST

Claude Harris

MISS JAN RICARDO, the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Ricardo. Miss Ricardo, seen with "Tessa," is a student of art

MISS MYRTLE MURGATROYD, the Yorkshire girl who is now doing well as a mannequin in the employ of Jane Reguy, the famous Paris dressmaker. In this picture she is seen wearing an evening dress of brick-coloured crêpe

VICOMTESSE DE CONTADES, a descendant on the distaff side of de Lasseps, who went to Suez and Panama on her honeymoon

Paul Tanqueray

Left—MISS VENETIA DAWN, the clever daughter of Mr. and Mrs. de Winton Wills, who was one of the principal dancers in the Vacani matinée

Right—Miss Katherine Scott as the Spirit of Progress in the Pageant of Medicine at the Albert Hall

MISS MARY MASKELYNE, who is appearing in *Through the Eye of a Needle* at Maskelyne's Theatre of Magic

Claude Harris

LADY DASHWOOD, wife of Sir John Dashwood, daughter of the late Col. Eaton

FOR THE FALL: A smart hat in ciré with a bow in grey velvet that is the latest thing from Fashion's capital

Left—Modern interior architecture is leaning from the bizarre towards a compromise, infinitely more gracious in its effect. This magnificent doorway designed and erected by Hampton and Sons is distinguished for the relief work which is carried out in pastel colouring above the door which is itself heavily curtained with damask. By its colouring alone the background of this room is successful in softening the sterner influence of very modern furniture

Helen Macgregor

A Modern Symphony

Left — A damask in peacock blue shading to green, having formality enough for the most modern scheme, yet still conforming to moderate taste

Above — Artificial flowers are alone considered formal enough for the most modern schemes, and whatever personal reactions may be, one cannot withhold a word of praise for these with the translucent colouring of natural shell of which they are made

Right—The glass of this window is softly tinted, and warm light is shed upon a room with creamy amber walls. Amber shaded lights also cast their effulgence upon the surroundings. Relief work is carried out above the wall lights and the shirred fabric of the fanlight is again reminiscent of the design above the entrance door

The PETROL World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere"; Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

A LUXURY TEN.—The announcement that the famous firm of Lanchester are now making and selling a 10-h.p. car should make motorists rub their eyes. It is a development of the utmost importance, and obviously a car of this size, selling at a little over £300, is bound to become more than usually popular in a very short space of time. What makes this prophecy almost certain of fulfilment is that the car not only bears the honoured name of Lanchester but is also fitted with the Daimler fluid fly-wheel self-changing transmission.

Never before has a 10-h.p. car with this remarkable specification been offered to the public at such a moderate price—or indeed at any price. At first it is a little difficult to realize that we can now buy a real luxury car of this kind, having a 10-h.p. engine. Unless a driver has had actual experience of the Daimler fluid fly-wheel self-changing transmission he will not appreciate what this announcement really means. Unfortunately my own experience has not been very extensive, but I do realize that a car built to this specification can perform feats which are quite impossible of attainment by the average driver handling an orthodox car.

Until now the luxury of this fluid fly-wheel and transmission has been reserved for motorists in the luxury class, but this new 10-h.p. Lanchester dissipates this reservation and allows the man of moderate means to enjoy this new kind of motoring. This fluid fly-wheel and transmission has been in the hands of the public for a number of years, so that it has now reached a perfected stage of development. Thousands of cars built in this way have been in the hands of private owners for some time and, in my humble opinion, there is nothing like an average private owner to find out faults.

All the expert testers of the world will not discover failings in a car after years of work which the amateur will find out in a week. Bearing this in mind we need have no fear that the fluid fly-wheel and self-changing transmission will give us any trouble. The advantages of the Daimler transmission are briefly as follows: Discontinuance of clutch operation; the accelerator and brake pedal can alone control the car when driving in traffic, and as was proved at the R.A.C. Torquay Rally this year the transmission allows a car to move forward in top gear at 1 m.p.h. if desired. Gear-changing is dead quiet at all speeds, and any gear can be pre-selected. Subsidiary advantages are improved acceleration, less driving fatigue, and greater safety.

The 10-h.p. Lanchester engine is a direct descendant of the well-known 15–18-h.p. engine, and has over-head valves. I am very glad to note that the crank-shaft is supported in three bearings. This should allow the engine to turn over without vibration, and it is a well-known fact that the fluid fly-wheel acts in some way like a vibration damper so that the engine should be really smooth at all speeds. One feature which I like immensely are the long rear springs which, in conjunction with the low build of the car, should give very comfortable riding. The coachwork on the chassis is also attractive, particularly one model known as the Sports Coupé. I look forward to seeing many of these new Lanchesters on our roads before very long.

R.-R. 1933.—Rolls-Royce, Ltd., have made an important announcement which shows, if any proof were needed, that this famous firm are thoroughly up to date, and more than usually active. Their 20-25-h.p. model is now being sold with certain important improvements, which principally concern the gear-box and the engine. A silent third speed, and I am told it is silent not only in name but in actual practice, is now included, and there is a new form of easy gear-changing.

This change of gear on those speeds which are more frequently used can now be made instantaneously and in the simplest possible manner, the result being that no matter how inexperienced the driver may be, he or she will have no difficulty in changing gear silently, easily, and quickly. The method by which this happy result has been obtained has the great advantage of permitting the driver to control his car in the ordinary way so that he does not have to become accustomed to anything different.

A number of modifications have been added to the engine, with the result that it now gives greater power so that the performance, both as regards acceleration and maximum speed, is very much better. Certainly for 1933 easy gear changing is going to be a new fashion and I shall be surprised if there are many exhibits at Olympia which do not show some form of silent easy change gear. As a result of this Rolls-Royce announcement we see that this famous firm are well abreast of the times and in accordance with their usual custom are not waiting to announce and incorporate their chassis improvements until the exhibition takes place.

A.A.—The other week the twenty-seventh annual meeting of the Automobile Association was held. I always make a point of attending this annual function because it can invariably be counted upon to be held in a cheery atmosphere. When I went this year I must confess I wondered if the great world depression would dissipate that cheery atmosphere, but true to A.A. tradition no gloom was evident.

On the contrary, there was greater optimism than ever and this optimism was based on the very satisfactory results of the year's work. The A.A. must congratulate themselves on ending their year with an increased membership of over 17,000. The figures given at the meeting disclosed the amazing fact that the A.A. now has 63,603 lady members.

The chairman remarked that the A.A. road controls were now, as they always had been, the backbone of their organization, and as proof of this statement he stated that during the three bank holiday periods under review the patrols had rendered mechanical aid and had given information and advice to nearly 1,000,000 people. More and more people, the chairman stated, were asking for routes, in fact the demand from members had increased about 10 per cent. over the previous year. In actual fact, 2,000 routes are issued by the A.A. every day of the year. Needless to say such work must demand a colossal organization.

The A.A. are at present very busy investigating the whole problem of road accidents and they are fully alive, the chairman stated, to the seriousness of the question, though they realize that even when an accident takes place and the motorist is exonerated, motoring as a whole is blamed by the uninformed. The financial position of the A.A. is tremendously sound and it is interesting to note that subscriptions and entrance fees for the year in question totalled £808,768—a colossal sum.

SALESMEN.—The motor salesman has for a long time been looked upon as a highly decorative, but generally inefficient, individual. Like mothers-in-law and beer he is the subject of music-hall jokes. I am not certain that this reputation has not been well-founded because where there was a son in a family with no particular qualification for any profession, trade or calling, the fond parents pushed him into the motor trade, which in reality meant he took up a position in the showrooms. Members of the aristocracy, many of them quite incompetent, became salesmen too.

In these hard days of stern competition some of our manufacturers are realizing that an efficient salesman is highly important to their success, and as the number of such individuals is strictly limited some of the more enterprising firms are tackling the question in a business-like manner. For instance, the famous Longbridge firm—the Austin Motor Company Limited—has now a sales school in full operation. Austins have realized that the modern motor salesman has to be a level-headed, keen, enthusiastic, well-informed, practical man, and in order to provide a constant supply of qualified men to the ranks of Austin salesmen a new Austin Sales School has recently been started at Longbridge and is now in operation.

The school has been organized by the Institute of Motor Salesmanship Limited. It provides a month's extension course of the normal three months' curriculum at the I. M. S. headquarters in London. This extra month at the Austin works should certainly be of great value to the budding salesman, for there he is given an insight into the construction features of the cars, the methods of manufacture and the sales organization of the Austin Company.

K.L.G.—It does not surprise me to learn that the Rolls-Royce engines which are fitted to Lord Wakefield's boat, Miss England III, are fired by K.L.G. Sparking Plugs. As a matter of fact what would surprise me would have been the news that any other plug had been used rather than K.L.G.s

ANOTHER FLYING SQUAD! Sir Charles Rafter, K.C.B., Chief Constable of Birmingham, arrives at Calthorpe Park in an open four-seater "Speed Twenty" Alvis to take charge of the parade of the City's Special Constabulary Reserve. The car was driven by its owner, Mr. Frank Hallam, who put up in the same car so fine a performance at the Shelsley Walsh Hill Climb a few days previously

AN "ALPINE" IN AN ALPINE SETTING: A Riley Alpine Saloon in Gwynant Pass, North Wales, near the grave of the immortal hound, Beddgelert

"BUZZING" ALONG: A Wolseley Hornet ascending with characteristic ease the Buttermere side of Honister Pass in the Lake District

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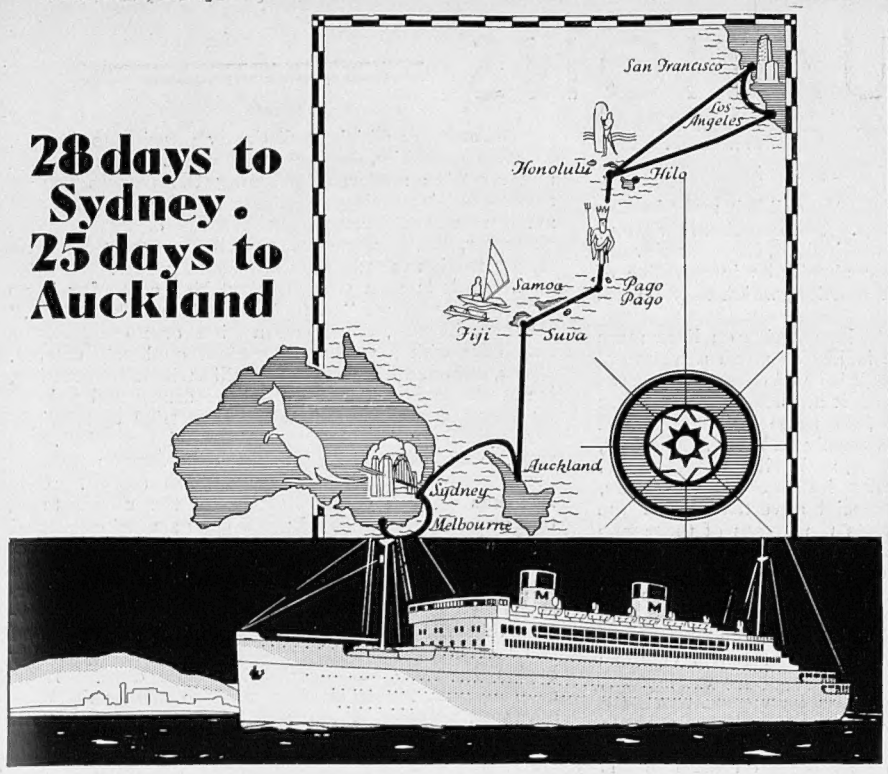

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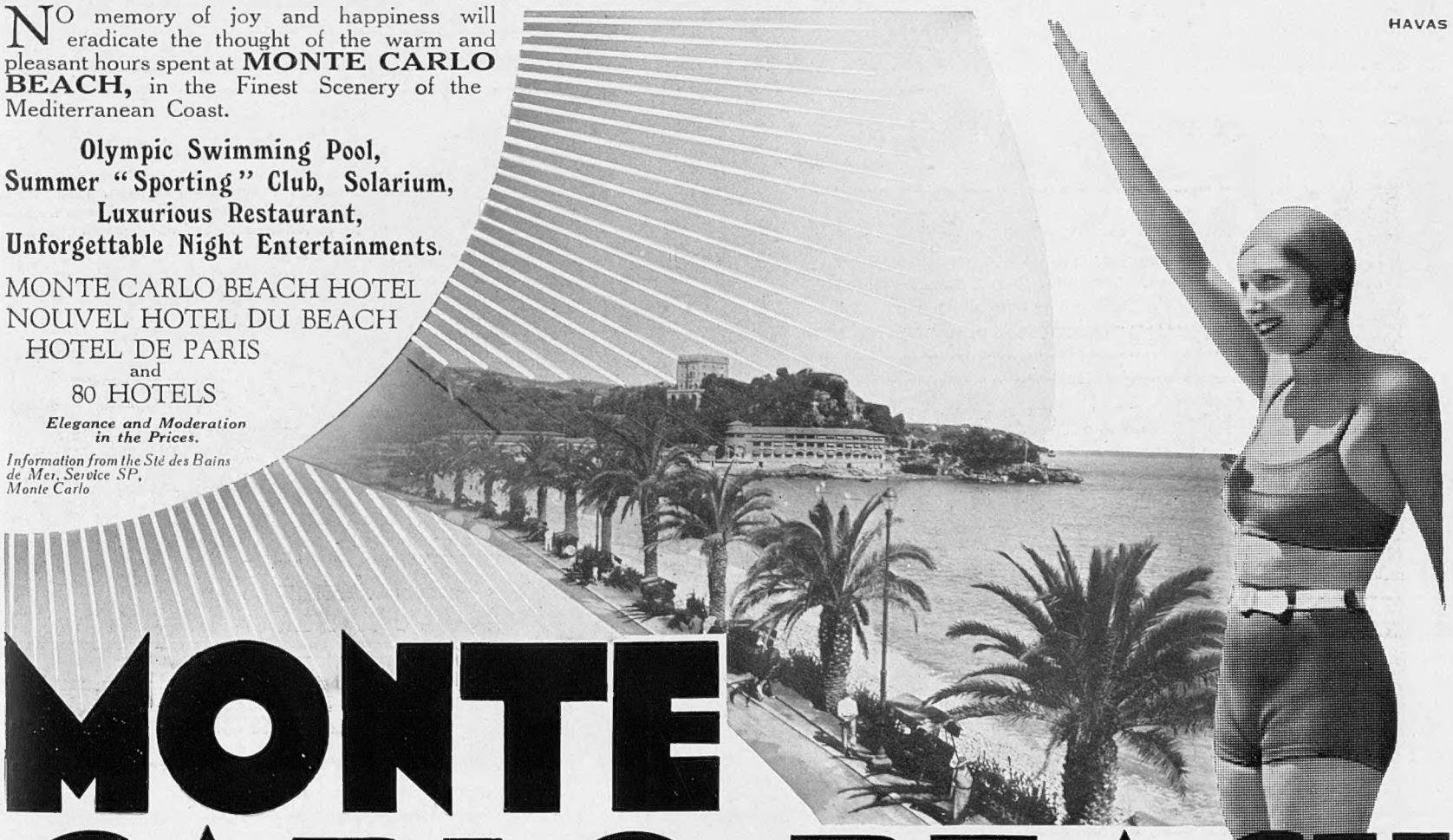

MONTE CARLO BEACH

CONTINUATIONS

THE RENAISSANCE OF THE CELLAR

(Continued from p. 199)

methods of faking. Think of the millions of bottles of so-called 1875 cognac which have been consumed in restaurants. Remember the old dictum that Napoleon was not a wine merchant and realize that there are not more than forty experts in the country who can tell a particular brand and vintage simply by a sip.

Speaking generally about the wine trade, the tendencies are all towards fewer vintages and lower prices. Several of the older firms of wine merchants have been able to carry on largely because they have sent whisky to Nassau and Canada where it is collected by bootleggers. This is just as well for the distillers, because Sir Walter Gilbey himself has been quoted to me as authority for the statement that the consumption of whisky in this country has decreased by half. In the restaurants the wine waiters sell five bottles of brandy to every bottle of Grand Marnier, which is the next most popular liqueur. Kümmel, Benedictine, Cointreau, and Crême de Menthe are the next in order of preference.

But the sale is only a fraction of what it used to be. More than one wine merchant has complained to me that it seems impossible for the growers, whether French, German, Spanish, Portuguese, Australian, or South African, to get together and encourage the wine habit irrespective of the individual client's personal preference. It might even be possible, he thought, to persuade the brewers to institute a joint campaign to start the German habit of drinking lager before clarets or hocks, and to persuade the gin and liqueur interests not to look askance at sherry, and vice versa. Something certainly needs to be done to protect the trade against the almost intolerable duties to which it is subject. The carafe system is good in its way. So is the habit now prevalent in many clubs whereby vintage port is decanted, and members can have a glass without buying a bottle.

What is really wanted is a national wine association to encourage a national wine habit. But petty jealousies will no doubt prevent its formation before it is too late.

ART ON THE CONTINENT

(Continued from p. 202)

to-day that cannot see through the childish make-believe of old-fashioned stage settings. The question is whether stage settings should be make-believe, however cleverly contrived, or whether they should be interpretive of something, of some idea or emotion, which they do not themselves pretend to be.

At any rate, the urge to be creative on lines more appropriate to modern life is just as much a feature of Continental theatrical art as it is of all other branches of Continental art; and behind it all, however much you may dislike to own up to it, are those naughty boys of the *isms*, Picasso (a kind of unruly da Vinci), Feininger, Severini, Paul Klee, Otto Dix, and half a dozen others. These men have powerfully influenced architecture, furniture, the stage, commercial advertising, and the very ornaments which decorate the homes of those who would look aghast at the mere suggestion of cubism or futurism. I have already said something of the posters displayed by our British railways; without Picasso and his imitators these posters would never have been. And if you look at any hoarding in Holland, Germany, or Austria to-day, the *isms* will greet you with vigorous and witty admonitions to buy somebody's tooth-paste, drink somebody else's beer, attend an exhibition or a circus, and vote for half-a-dozen political parties, from Communist (some very good designers in the Communist cause) to Nationalist. To be hung "on the line" is hardly more important to-day than to be plastered on a hoarding, and one looks for the name of the artist in the corner of a poster, as eagerly as one looks for it at the foot of an Academy canvas. For this, I shall again repeat, we have to thank the naughty boys of a few years ago.

Those naughty boys, of course, are not what they were. They have sailed into more tranquil, more comprehensible seas, and this, together with the public's new sympathy for an art with which they have been familiarized by architecture and the applied arts, has brought them even a measure of general popularity, and in some cases quite considerable fortunes. The cubes and angles of ten years ago have been sorted out, and a pattern emerges which is distinctly pleasing to the eye. Thus an exhibition devoted to the works of the German and Austrian moderns, including the most advanced sur-realists, is proving to be one of the most successful art events in Germany, not because of any freakish character, but because the exhibits represent ideas no longer foreign to ordinarily intelligent people.

There it is seen that the Paul Klee of to-day is no longer a purveyor of "metaphysical German beef-steak." He has, in fact, developed a kind of nursery-rhyme simplicity with a pattern dependent on lovely colours. Grosz, although his pictures are still a trifle disconcerting, is not the man who wrote, "I have drawn and painted by opposition and by my work have tried to convince this world that it is ugly, sick, and hypocritical." I suppose he discovered that the world would not be so convinced—or perhaps the opposition ceased. Otto Dix was another *verist* holding up the mirror to all that was ugly and diseased; now he is a much-respected professor with chastened views and a growing respect for academic walls. So it is with them all. Modern art, which floundered about for a long time in its determination not to remain linked to the past, has discovered that without the past it can have no future and has linked itself up again with the chain that probably begins in some unexcavated Neolithic cave. It is, moreover, no longer good form, even among the most advanced painters, to say with Kurt Schwitters, "All that an artist spits is art!"

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Readers of THE SPHERE will be interested to hear that The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship have patriotically converted all their holding of War Loan. This will mean a heavy reduction in income, and the Society pleads earnestly for new subscribers to make up for this heavy loss. The Headquarters of the Society are at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2.

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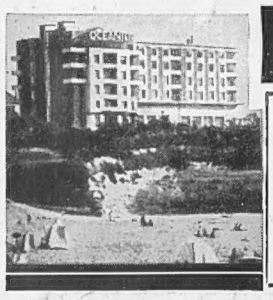

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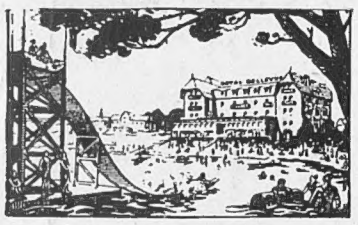

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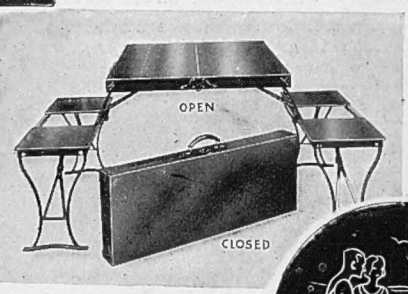

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"The elephant rolled like a boat on a wind-less ground swell, and the sun beat down like hot brass. There was neither road nor trace of human footstep. The mahout, who was more than half-asleep, allowed the elephant to choose his own way in the general direction of the rock-ribbed hills. Chullunder Ghose sat upright underneath a black umbrella, because he could not otherwise, with any comfort, hold the thing between his fat face and the sun. Larry O'Hara sat on the other side of the howdah, also upright, because anything whatever interested him. He had the kind of blue-grey eyes that only sleep at night, and even then as trigger-lightly as a watch-dog's.

"Sahib," said the babu, "we have a proverb that the hypocrite asks always for the bird, but that the valorous man asks only for the bow and arrows."

"Well, what of it?" asked O'Hara.

"This obese and talkative babu, intimidated by the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, is a Hamlet who has seen what U.S.A. Americans would call a lot of hot stuff, and a lot more cheap baloney. Life is like that: two-thirds hokum. And the other third is nearly nine-tenths stupid. Just about a tenth of one per cent. of life is hell and heaven, mixed into a drunken and beautiful madness. But that is enough. I am mad. You are mad. This elephant is mad. And so is Lalla Lingo. *Verb sap.*"

"What's wrong with the elephant?" O'Hara asked him.

"He obeys us. He could shake us off, and roll the howdah off, and run to where a hundred elephants are roaming wild and uncontaminated by a sense of duty."

"Lalla Lingo?"

"Is a man of many talents, without philosophy enough to cherish them beneath a sense of humour in the autocratic solitude he might enjoy if he were only not a propagandist. Think of him. He owns a village, whose inhabitants believe he is a god in an imported suit of Palm Beach reach-me-downs. It is an honour if he takes their women. It is privilege to them to build his house, and grow his corn, and bring him meat. He has his books, his European education, and an income that is ample for exotic needs. And yet he wants more. So he subsidizes murder—"

"We don't actually know that," said O'Hara.

"And he subsidizes the police—"

O'Hara interrupted: "That is also something that we can't prove . . ."

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"Look here, old girl, I've been thinking it over and if you really insist I'm prepared to do all I possibly can to help you. . . ."

All Azalea's life reluctant people, looking shame-faced, had constantly come to her and said they were ready to do something for her that previously they had sworn they would never do.

In 1909, a mere Saul among prophets, on witnessing the defeat by Azalea, aged four, of her septuagenarian grandfather (educated Eton and Balliol College, Oxford; called to the bar in 1860; Q.C. 1871; King's Bench Judge 1889; Victorian to the backbone, irascible and unbending) in a battle of wills that ended in Sir Mervyn obediently crawling on her mother's dusty drawing room carpet beneath a moth-eaten tiger-skin rug, would have predicted a masterful career for the auburn-haired imp on whose bronze eyes anger seemed to encrust a greenish patina.

Nurses, their bodies stiffened by whalebone, their wills indurated and their wits sharpened by years of conflict with nursery mutineers, either walked the plank or laid down not only their arms but their entire personalities for Azalea to trample on. Other servants—even butlers who called her the little devil in their pantries—after suffering the pressure of Azalea's thumb in silence, only maintained that sturdy independence of character, which is the British domestic's birthright, by subsequently being covertly ruder than usual to Azalea's parents. . . ."

A good Society story by George Froxfield—"AZALEA ABDICATES" . . . a rather risky experiment in matrimonial strategy.

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